

EVENINGS AT HOME;

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET

O P E N E D.

CONSISTING

OF A VARIETY OF

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

BY MRS. BARBAULD AND DR. AIKEN.

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EVENINGS AT HOME,
OR THE
JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED.

INTRODUCTION.

THE mansion-house of the pleasant village of *Beachgrove* was inhabited by the family of FAIRBORNE, consisting of the master and mistress, and a numerous progeny of children of both sexes. Of these, part were educated at home under their parents' care, and part were sent out to school. The house was seldom unprovided with visitors, the intimate friends or relations of the owners, who were entertained with cheerfulness and hospitality, free from ceremony and parade. They formed, during their stay, part of the family; and were ready to concur with Mr. and Mrs. Fairborne in any little domestic plan for varying their amusements, and particularly for promoting the instruction and entertainment of the younger part of the household. As some of them were accustomed to writing, they would frequently produce a fable, a story, or dialogue, adapted to the age and understanding of the young people. It was always considered as a high favour when they would so employ themselves; and after the pieces were once read over, they were carefully deposited by Mrs. Fairborne in a box, of which she

kept the key. None of these were allowed to be taken out again till all the children were assembled in the holidays. It was then made one of the evening amusements of the family to rummage the budget, as their phrase was. One of the least children was sent to the box, who putting in its little hand, drew out the paper that came next, and brought it into the parlour. This was then read distinctly by one of the older ones; and after it had undergone sufficient consideration, another little messenger was dispatched for a fresh supply; and so on, till as much time had been spent in this manner as the parents thought proper. Other children were admitted to these readings; and as the *Budget of Beachgrove Hall* became somewhat celebrated in the neighbourhood, its proprietors were at length urged to lay it open to the public. They were induced to comply; and have presented its contents in the promiscuous order in which they came to hand, which they think will prove more agreeable than a methodical arrangement. Thus, therefore, without further process, begins the

FIRST EVENING. ON THE OAK.

A DIALOGUE.

Tutor---*George*---*Harry*.

Tut. COME, my boys, let us sit down a while under yon shady tree. I don't know how your young legs feel, but mine are almost tired.

Geo. I am not tired, but I am very hot.

Har. And I am hot, and very dry too.

Tut. When you have cooled yourself, you may drink out of that clear brook. In the mean time we will read a little out of a book I have in my pocket.

[They go and sit down at the foot of the tree.]

Har. What an amazing large tree! How wide its branches spread! Pray what tree is it?

Geo. I can tell you that. It is an Oak. Don't you see the acorns?

Tut. Yes, it is an Oak---the noblest tree this country produces:---not only grand and beautiful to the sight, but of the greatest importance from its uses.

Har. I should like to know something about it.

Tut. Very well; then instead of reading, we will sit and talk about Oaks. George, you knew the Oak, by its acorns---should you have known it if there had been none?

Geo. I don't know---I believe not.

Tut. Observe, then in the first place, that its bark is very rugged. Then see in what manner it grows. Its great arms run out almost horizontally from its trunk, giving the whole tree a sort of round form, and making it spread far on every side. Its branches are also subject to be crooked, or kneed. By these marks you might guess at an Oak even in winter, when quite bare of leaves. But its leaves afford a surer mark of distinction, since they differ a good deal from those of other trees; being neither whole and even at the edges, nor yet cut like the teeth of a saw, but rather deeply scalloped, and formed into several rounded divisions. Their colour is a fine deep green. Then the fruit---

Har. Fruit!

Tut. Yes-- all kinds of plants have what may properly be called fruit, though we are apt to give that name only to such as are food for man. The fruit of a plant is the seed, with what contains it. This, in the Oak, is called

an acorn, which is a kind of nut, partly enclosed in a cup.

Geo. Acorn-cups are very pretty things, I have made boats of them, and set them a swimming in a bason.

Tut. And if you were no bigger than a fairy, you might use them for drinking cups, as those imaginary little beings are said to do.

Geo. Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brim.

Har. Are acorns good to eat?

Geo. No, that they are not. I have tried, and did not like them at all.

Tut. In the early ages of man, before he cultivated the earth, but lived upon such wild products as nature afforded, we are told that acorns made a considerable part of his food; and at this day I believe they are eaten in some countries. But this is in warmer climates, where they probably become sweeter and better flavoured than with us. The chief use we make of them is to feed hogs. In those parts of England where Oak woods are common, great herds of swine are kept, which are driven into the woods in autumn, when the acorns fall, and provide for themselves plentifully for two or three months. This, however, is a small part of the praise of the Oak. You will be surprised when I tell you, that to this tree our country owes its chief glory and security.

Har. Aye, how can that be?

Tut. I don't know whether in your reading you have ever met with the story, that Athens, a famous city in Greece, consulting the oracle how it might best defend itself against its enemies, was advised to trust to wooden walls.

Har. Wooden walls!---that's odd---I should

FIRST EVENING.

think stone walls better, for wooden ones might be set on fire.

Tut. True, but the meaning was, that as Athens was a place of great trade, and its people were skilled in maritime affairs, they ought to trust to their ships. Well, this is the case with Great Britain. As it is an island, it has no need of walls and fortifications while it possesses ships to keep all enemies at a distance. Now, we have the greatest and finest navy in the world, by which we both defend ourselves, and attack other nations when they insult us; and this is all built of Oak.

Geo. Would no other wood do to build ships?

Tut. None nearly so well, especially for men of war; for it is the stoutest and strongest wood we have; and therefore best fitted, both to keep sound under water, and to bear the blows and shocks of the waves, and the terrible strokes of cannon balls. It is a peculiar excellence for this last purpose, that Oak is not so liable to splinter or shiver as other woods, so that a ball can pass through it without making a large hole. Did you never hear the old song,

Hearts of Oak are our ships, hearts of Oak are our men, &c.?

Geo. No.

Tut. It was made at a time when England was more successful in war than had ever before been known, and our success was properly attributed chiefly to our fleet, the great support of which is the British Oak; so I hope you will henceforth look upon Oaks with due respect.

Har. Yes---it shall always be my favourite tree.

Tut. Had not Pope reason, when he said, in his *Windfor Forest*,

Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
 While by our Oaks the precious loads are borne,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn?

These lines refer to its use as well for merchant ships as men of war; and in fact all our ships are built either of native or foreign Oak.

Geo. Are the masts of ships made of Oak?

Tut. No.---it would be too heavy. Besides, it would not be easy to find trunks of Oak long and straight enough for that purpose. They are made of various kinds of fir or pine, which grow very tall and taper.

Geo. Is Oak wood used for any thing besides ship-building?

Tut. O yes!---It is one of the principal woods of the carpenter, being employed wherever great strength and durability are required. It is used for door and window frames, and the beams that are laid in walls to strengthen them. Floors and staircases are sometimes made with it; and in old houses in the country, which were built when Oak was more plentiful than at present, almost all the timber about them is Oak. It is also occasionally used for furniture, as tables, chairs, drawers, and bedsteads; though mahogany has now much taken its place for the better sort of goods and the lighter and softer woods for the cheaper: for the hardness of Oak renders it difficult and expensive to work. It is still, however, the chief material used in mill-work, in bridge and water-works, for waggon and cart bodies, for large casks and tubs, and for the last piece of furniture a man has occasion for. What is that, do you think, George?

Geo. I don't know.

Har. A Coffin.

Tut. So it is.

Har. But why should that be made of such strong wood?

Tut. There can be no other reason, than that weak attachment we are apt to have for our bodies when we have done with them, which has made men in various countries desirous of keeping them as long as possible from decay. But I have not yet done with the uses of the Oak. Were either of you ever in a tanner's yard?

Geo. We often go by one at the end of the town; but we durst not go in for fear of the great dog.

Tut. But he is always chained in the day-time.

Har. Yes---but he barks so loud, and looks so fierce, that we were afraid he would break his chain.

Tut. I doubt you are a couple of cowards. However, I suppose you came near enough to observe great stacks of bark in the yard.

Geo. O yes---there are several.

Tut. Those are Oak bark, and it is used in tanning the hides.

Har. What does it do to them?

Tut. I'll tell you. Every part of the Oak abounds in a quality called *astringency*, or a binding power. The effect of this is to make more close and compact, or to shrivel up, all soft things, and thereby make them firmer and less liable to decay. The hide, then, when taken from the animal, after being steeped in lime and water to get off the hair and grease, is put to soak in a liquor made by boiling Oak bark in water. This liquor is strongly astringent, and by stiffening the soft hide, turns it into what we call leather. Other things are

also tanned for the purpose of preserving them, as fishing nets, and boat-sails. This use of the bark of the Oak makes it a very valuable commodity; and you may see people in the woods carefully stripping the Oaks when cut down, and piling up the bark in heaps.

Geo. I have seen such heaps of bark, but I thought they were only to burn.

Tut. No,---they are much too valuable for that. Well, but I have another use of the Oak to mention, and that is in dying.

Har. Dying! I wonder what colour it can dye?

Tut. Oak saw-dust is a principal ingredient in dying fustians. By various mixtures and managements it is made to give them all the different shades of drab and brown. Then, all the parts of the Oak, like all other astringent vegetables, produce a dark blue or black by the addition of any preparation of iron. The bark is sometimes used in this way for dying black. And did you ever see what boys call an Oak-Apple?

Geo. Yes---I have gathered them myself.

Tut. Do you know what they are?

Geo. I thought they were the fruit of the Oak.

Tut. No---I have told you that the acorns are the fruit. These are excrescences formed by an insect.

Geo. An insect---how can they make such a thing?

Tut. It is a sort of fly, that has a power of piercing the outer skin of the Oak boughs, under which it lays its eggs. The part then swells into a kind of ball, and the young insects, when hatched, eat their way out. Well; this ball or apple is a pretty strong astringent, and is some-

times used in dying black. But in the warm countries, there is a species of Oak which bears round excrescences of the same kind called galls, which become hard, and are the strongest astringents known. They are the principal ingredients in the black dyes, and common ink is made with them, together with a substance called green vitriol or copperas, which contains iron.

I have now told you the chief uses that I can recollect of the Oak; and these are so important, that whoever drops an acorn into the ground, and takes proper care of it when it comes up, may be said to be a benefactor to his country. Besides, no sight can be more beautiful and majestic than a fine Oak wood. It is an ornament fit for the habitation of the first nobleman in the land.

Har. I wonder, then, that all rich gentlemen who have ground enough, do not cover it with Oaks.

Tut. Many of them, especially of late years, have made great plantations of these trees. But all soils do not suit them; and then there is another circumstance which prevents many from being at this trouble and expence, which is, the long time an Oak takes in growing, so that no person can reasonably expect to profit by those of his own planting. An Oak of fifty years is greatly short of its full growth, and they are scarcely arrived at perfection under a century. However, it is our duty to think of posterity as well as ourselves; and they who receive Oaks from their ancestors, ought certainly to furnish others to their successors.

Har. Then I think that every one who cuts down an oak should be obliged to plant another.

Tut. Very right---but he should plant two or three for one, for fear of accidents in their growing.

I will now repeat to you some verses describing the Oak in its state of full growth, or rather of beginning decay, with the various animals living upon it---and then we will walk.

See, where yon OAK its awful structure rears,
The massy growth of twice a hundred years;
Survey his rugged trunk with moss o'ergrown,
His lusty arms in rude disorder thrown,
His lorking branches wide at distance spread,
And, dark'ning half the sky, his lofty head:
A mighty castle, built by nature's hands,
Peopled by various living tribes, he stands,
His airy top the clamorous rooks invest,
And crowd the waving bows with many a nest.
Midway the nimble squirrel builds his bow'r;
And sharp-bill'd pies the insect tribes devour,
That gnaw beneath the bark their secret ways,
While unperceived the stately pile decays.

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

A FABLE.

A young Mouse lived in a cupboard where sweetmeats were kept: she dined every day upon biscuit, marmalade, or fine sugar. Never any little Mouse had lived so well. She had often ventured to peep at the family while they sat at supper; nay, she had sometimes stole down on the carpet, and picked the crumbs, and nobody had ever hurt her. She would have been quite happy, but that she was sometimes frightened by the cat, and then she ran trembling to her hole behind the wainscot. One day she came running to her mother in great joy; Mother! said she, the good people of this family have built me a house to live in; it is in the cupboard: I am sure it is for me, for it is just big enough: the bottom is of wood, and it is

covered all over with wires; and I dare say they have made it on purpose to screen me from that terrible cat, which ran after me so often: there is an entrance just big enough for me, but pufs cannot follow; and they have been so good as to put in some toasted cheese, which smells so deliciously, that I should have run in directly and taken possession of my new house, but I thought I would tell you first, that we might go in together, and both lodge there to-night, for it will hold us both.

My dear child, said the old Mouse, it is most happy that you did not go in, for this house is called a trap, and you would never have come out again, except to have been devoured, or put to death in some way or other. Though man has not so fierce a look as a cat, he is as much our enemy, and has still more cunning.

THE WASP AND BEE.

A FABLE.

A WASP met a Bee, and said to him, Pray, can you tell me what is the reason that men are so ill-natured to me, while they are so fond of you? We are both very much alike, only that the broad golden rings about my body make me much handsomer than you are: we are both winged insects, we both love honey, and we both sting people when we are angry; yet men always hate me, and try to kill me, though I am much more familiar with them than you are, and pay them visits in their houses, and at their tea-table, and at all their meals: while you are very shy, and hardly ever come near them: yet they build you curious houses, thatched with straw, and take care of, and feed you, in the winter very often:—I wonder what is the reason.

The Bee said, because you never do them any good, but on the contrary, are very troublesome and mischievous; therefore they do not like to see you; but they know that I am busy all day long in making them honey. You had better pay them fewer visits, and try to be useful.

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS.

ONE winter's evening, as *Capt. Compass* was sitting by the fire-side with his children all round him, little Jack said to him, Papa, pray tell us some stories about what you have seen in your voyages. I have been vastly entertained whilst you were abroad, with *Gulliver's Travels*, and the adventures of *Sinbad the Sailor*; and I think, as you have gone round and round the world, you must have met with things as wonderful as they did. — No, my dear, said the Captain, I never met with *Lilliputians* or *Brobdingnagians*, I assure you, nor ever saw the black loadstone mountain, or the valley of diamonds; but to be sure, I have seen a great variety of people, and their different manners and ways of living; and if it will be any entertainment to you, I will tell you some curious particulars of what I observed. — Pray do, Papa, cried Jack and all his brothers and sisters; so they drew close round him, and he began as follows.

Well then — I was once, about this time of the year in a country where it was very cold, and the poor inhabitants had much ado to keep themselves from starving. They were dressed partly in the skins of beasts made soft and smooth by a particular art, but chiefly in garments made from the outer covering of a middle-sized quadruped, which they were so cruel as to strip off his back while he was alive,

They dwelt in habitations part of which was sunk under ground. The materials were either stones, or earth hardened by fire; and so violent in that country were the storms of wind and rain, that many of them covered their roofs all over with stones. The walls of their houses had holes to let in the light; but to prevent the cold air and wet from coming in, they were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made artificially of melted sand or flints. As wood was rather scarce, I know not what they would have done for firing, had they not discovered in the bowels of the earth a very extraordinary kind of stone, which when put among burning wood, caught fire and flamed like a torch.

Dear me, said Jack, what a wonderful stone! I suppose it was somewhat like what we call fire-stones, that shine so when we rub them together. -- I don't think they would burn, replied the Captain; besides, these are of a darker colour.

Well--but their diet too was remarkable. Some of them eat fish that had been hung in the smoke till they were quite dry and hard; and along with it they eat either the roots of plants, or a sort of coarse black cake made of powdered feeds. These were the poorer class: the richer had a whiter kind of cake, which they were fond of daubing over with a greasy matter that was the product of a large animal among them. This grease they used, too, in almost all their dishes, and when fresh, it really was not unpalatable. They likewise devoured the flesh of many birds and beasts when they could get it; and eat the leaves and other parts of a variety of vegetables growing in the country, some absolutely raw, others prepared by the aid of fire. Another great

article of food was the curd of milk, pressed into a hard mass and salted. This had so rank a smell, that persons of weak stomachs often could not bear to come near it. For drink, they made great use of the water in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. These leaves, I was told, came from a great distance. They had likewise a method of preparing a liquor of the seed of a grass-like plant steeped in water, with the addition of a bitter herb, and then set to work or ferment. I was prevailed upon to taste it, and thought it at first nauseous enough, but in time I liked it pretty well. When a large quantity of the ingredients is used, it becomes perfectly intoxicating. But what astonished me most, was their use of a liquor so excessively hot and pungent, that it seems like liquid fire. I once got a mouthful of it by mistake, taking it for water, which it resembles in appearance; but I thought it would instantly have taken away my breath. Indeed, people are not unfrequently killed by it, and yet many of them will swallow it greedily whenever they can get it. This, too, is said to be prepared from the seeds above mentioned, which are innocent and even salutary in their natural state, though made to yield such a pernicious juice. The strangest custom that I believe prevails in any nation I found here, which was, that some take a mighty pleasure in filling their mouths full of stinking smoke; and others, in thrusting a nasty powder up their nostrils.

I should think it would choke them, said Jack. It almost did me, answered his father, only to stand by while they did it—but use, it is truly said, is second nature.

I was glad enough to leave this cold climate; and about half a year after, I fell in with a peo-

ple enjoying a delicious temperature of air, and a country full of beauty and verdure. The trees and shrubs were furnished with a great variety of fruits, which, with other vegetable products, constituted a part of the food of the inhabitants. I particularly relished certain berries growing in bunches, some white and some red, of a very pleasant sourish taste, and so transparent, that one might see the seeds at their very centre. Here were whole fields full of extremely odoriferous flowers, which they told me were succeeded by pods bearing seeds, that afforded good nourishment to man and beast. A great variety of birds enlivened the groves and woods; among which I was entertained with one, that without any teaching spoke almost as articulately as a parrot, though indeed it was all the repetition of a single word. The people were tolerably gentle and civilized, and possessed many of the arts of life. Their dress was very various. Many were clad only in a thin cloth made of the long fibres of the stalk of a plant cultivated for the purpose, which they prepared by soaking in water, and then beating with large mallets. Others wore cloth woven from a sort of vegetable wool, growing in pods upon bushes. But the most singular material was a fine glossy stuff, used chiefly by the richer classes, which as I was credibly informed, was manufactured out of the webs of caterpillars—a most wonderful circumstance, if we consider the immense number of caterpillars necessary to the production of so large a quantity of the stuff as I saw used. This people are very fantastic in their dress, especially the women, whose apparel consists of a great number of articles impossible to be described, and strangely disguising the natural form of the body. In some instances they

seem very cleanly; but in others, the Hottentots can scarce go beyond them; particularly in the management of their hair, which is all matted and stiffened with the fat of swine and other animals, mixed up with powders of various colours and ingredients. Like most Indian nations, they use feathers in the head-dress. One thing surprised me much, which was, that they bring up in their houses an animal of the tyger-kind, with formidable teeth and claws, which notwithstanding its natural ferocity, is playeth with and caressed by the most timid and delicate of their women.

I am sure I would not play with it, said Jack. Why you might chance to get an ugly scratch if you did, said the captain.

The language of this nation seems very harsh and unintelligible to a foreigner, yet they converse among one another with great ease and quickness. One of the oddest customs is that which men use on saluting each other. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads, and remain uncovered for some time, if they mean to be extraordinarily respectful.

Why that's like pulling off our hats, said Jack. Ah, ha! Papa, cried Berley, I have found you out. You have been telling us of our own country and what is done at home all this while. But, said Jack we dont burn stones, nor eat grease and powdered seeds, nor wear skins and caterpillars webs, nor play with tygers. No! said the captain---pray what are coals but stones; and is not butter, grease; and corn, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk, the web of a kind of caterpillar; and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tyger-kind? So, if you recollect what I have been describing, you will find, with Berley's help, that all the others

wonderful things I have told you of are matters familiar among ourselves. But I meant to show you, that a foreigner might easily represent every thing as equally strange and wonderful among us, as we could do with respect to his country; and also to make you sensible that we daily call a great many things by their names, without ever enquiring into their nature and properties; so that, in reality, it is only the names, and not the things themselves, with which we are acquainted.

SECOND EVENING.

A L F R E D.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ALFRED, King of England.
 GUBBA, a Farmer.
 CANDELIN, his Wife.
 ELLA, an Officer of Alfred.

Scene—The Isle of Athelney.

Alfred. How retired and quiet is every thing in this little spot! The river winds its silent waters round this retreat; and the tangled bushes of the thicket fence it in from the attack of an enemy. The bloody Danes have not yet pierced into this wild solitude. I believe I am safe from their pursuit. But I hope I shall find some inhabitants here, otherwise I shall die of hunger.---Ha! here is a narrow path thro' the wood; and I think I see the smoak of a cottage rising between the trees. I will bend my steps thither.

Scene---Before the cottage.

GUBBA advancing. *CANDELIN* within.

Alfred. Good even to you, good man. Are you disposed to shew hospitality to a poor traveller?

Gubba. Why truly there are so many poor travellers now a days, that if we entertain them all, we shall have nothing left for ourselves. However, come along to my wife, and we will see what can be done for you.

Wife, I am very weary; I have been chopping wood all day.

Gandelin. You are always ready for your supper, but it is not ready for you, I assure you: the cakes will take an hour to bake, and the sun is yet high; it has not yet dipped behind the old barn. But who have you with you, I trow?

Alf. Good mother I am a stranger; and entreat you to afford me food and shelter.

Gan. Good mother, quotha! good wife, if you please, and welcome. But I do not love strangers; and the land has no reason to love them. It has never been a merry day for Old England since strangers came into it.

Alf. I am not a stranger in England, tho' I am a stranger here. I am a true born Englishman.

Gub. And do you hate those wicked Danes; that eat us up, and burn our houses, and drive away our cattle?

Alf. I do hate them.

Gan. Heartily! He does not speak heartily, husband.

Alf. Heartily I hate them; most heartily.

Gub. Give me thy hand then; thou art an honest fellow.

Alf. I was with King Alfred in the last battle he fought.

Gan. With King Alfred? heaven bless him!

Gub. What is become of our good King?

Alf. Did you love him, then?

Gub. Yes, as much as a poor man may love a king; and kneeled down and prayed for him.

every night, that he might conquer those Danish wolves; but it was not to be so.

Alf. You could not love Alfred better than I did.

Gub. But what is become of him?

Alf. He is thought to be dead.

Gub. Well these are sad times; heaven help us! Come, you shall be welcome to share the brown loaf with us; I suppose you are too sharp set to be nice.

Gan. Ay, come with us; you shall be as welcome as a prince! But hark ye, husband; though I am very willing to be charitable to this stranger (it would be a sin to be otherwise,) yet there is no reason he should not do something to maintain himself; he looks strong and capable.

Gub. Why, that's true. What can you do, friend!

Alf. I am very willing to help you in any thing you chose to set me about. It will please me best to earn my bread before I eat it.

Gub. Let me see. Can you tie up faggots neatly?

Alf. I have not been used to it. I am afraid I should be awkward.

Gub. Can you thatch? there is a piece blown off the cow-house.

Alf. Alas, I cannot thatch.

Gan. Ask him if he can weave rushes; we want some new baskets.

Alf. I have never learned.

Gub. Can you stack hay?

Alf. No.

Gub. Why, here's a fellow! and yet he hath as many pair of hands as his neighbours. Dame, can you employ him in the house?

20 SECOND EVENING.

He might lay wood on the fire, and rub the tables.

Gan. Let him watch these cakes, then: I must go and milk the kine.

Gub. And I'll go and stack the wood, since supper is not ready.

Gan. But pray observe, friend! do not let the cakes burn; turn them often on the hearth.

Alf. I shall observe your directions.

ALFRED *alone.*

Alf. For myself, I could bear it; but England, my bleeding country, for thee my heart is wrung with bitter anguish!—From the Humber to the Thames the rivers are stained with blood!—My brave soldiers cut to pieces!—My poor people—some massacred, others driven from their warm homes, stripped, abused, insulted:—and I, whom heaven appointed their shepherd, unable to rescue my defenceless flock from the ravenous jaws of these devourers! Gracious heaven! if I am not worthy to save this land from the Danish sword, raise up some other hero to fight with more success than I have done, and let me spend my life in this obscure cottage, in these servile offices: I shall be content, if England is happy.

O! here comes my blunt host and hostess.

Enter GUBBA and GANDELIN.

Gan. Help me down with the pail, husband. This new milk, with the cakes, will make an excellent supper: but, mercy on us, how they are burnt! black as my shoe; they have not once been turned: you oaf, you lubber, you lazy loon---

Alf. Indeed, dame, I am sorry for it; but my mind was full of sad thoughts.

Gub. Come, wife, you must forgive him; per-

haps he is in love. I remember when I was in love with thee--

Gan. You remember!

Gub. Yes, dame, I do remember it, though it is many a long year since; my mother was making a kettle of furrnety--

Gan. Prythee, hold thy tongue, and let us eat our suppers.

Alf. How refreshing is this sweet new milk, and this wholesome bread!

Gub. Eat heartily, friend, where shall we lodge him, Gandelin?

Gan. We have but one bed, you know; but there is fresh straw in the barn.

Alf. (*aside*) If I shall not lodge like a king, at least I shall lodge like a soldier. Alas! how many of my poor foldiers are stretched on the bare ground!

Gan. What noise do I hear? It is the tramping of horses. Good husband, go and see what is the matter.

Alfred. Heaven forbid my misfortunes should bring destruction on this simple family! I had rather have perished in the wood.

GUBBA returns followed by ELLA with his sword drawn.

Gan. Mercy defend us, a sword!

Gub. The Danes! the Danes! O do not kill us!

Ella. (*kneeling*). My Liege, my Lord, my Sovereign; have I found you.

Alf. (*embracing him*). My brave Ella!

Ella. I bring you good news, my Sovereign! Your troops that were shut up in Kinwith Castle made a desperate sally--the Danes were slaughtered. The fierce Hubba lies gasping on the plain.

Alf. Is it possible! Am I yet a king?

Ells. Their famous standard, the Danish raven, is taken; their troops are panic struck; the English soldiers call aloud for Alfred. Here is a letter which will inform you of more particulars. (*Gives a letter.*)

Gub. (*aside*). What will become of us! Ah, dame, that tongue of a hine has undone us!

Gan. O, my poor dear husband! we shall all be hanged, that's certain. But who could have thought it was the king?

Gub. Why, Gandelin, do you see, we might have guessed he was born to be a king, or some such great man, because, you know, he was fit for nothing else.

Alf. (*coming forward*) God be praised for these tidings! Hope is sprung up out of the depths of despair. O, my friend! shall I again shine in arms,--again fight at the head of my brave Englishmen,--lead them on to victory! Our friends shall now lift their heads again.

Ells. Yes, you have many friends, who have long been obliged, like their master, to sculk in deserts and caves, and wander from cottage to cottage. When they hear you are alive, and in arms again, they will leave their fastnesses and flock to your standard.

Alf. I am impatient to meet them: my people shall be revenged.

Gubba and Gandelin (*throwing themselves at the feet of ALFRED.*) O, my lord-----

Gan. We hope your Majesty will put us to a merciful death. Indeed, we did not know your Majesty's grace.

Gub. If your Majesty could but pardon my wife's tongue: she means no harm, poor woman!

Alf. Pardon you, good people! I not only pardon, but thank you. You have afforded me

protection in my distress; and if ever I am seated again on the throne of England, my first care shall be to reward your hospitality. I am now going to protect you. Come, my faithful Ella, to arms! to arms! My bosom burns to face once more the haughty Dane; and here I vow to heaven, that I will never sheath the sword against these robbers, till either I lose my life in this just cause, or

Till dove-like Peace return to England's shore,
And war and slaughter vex the land no more.

THE

DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

In a pleasant wood, on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a Squirrel, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily. At length he began to grow discontented, and one day fell into the following soliloquy.

What, must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dozing away months together in a hole! I see a great many of the birds who inhabit this wood ramble about to a distance wherever their fancy leads them, and at the approach of winter, set out for some remote country, where they enjoy summer weather all the year round. My neighbour Cuckow tells me he is just going; and even little Nightingale will soon follow. To be sure, I have not wings like them, but I have legs nimble enough; and if one does not use them, one might as well be a mole or a dormouse. I dare say I could easily reach to that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees; which no doubt must be a fine place, for the sun comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears all

covered with red and yellow, and the finest colours imaginable. There can be no harm, at least, in trying, for I can soon get back again if I don't like it. I am resolved to go, and I will set out to-morrow morning.

When Squirrel had taken this resolution, he could not sleep all night for thinking of it; and at peep of day, prudently taking with him as much provision as he could conveniently carry, he began his journey in high spirits: He presently got to the outside of the wood, and entered upon the open moors that reached to the foot of the hills. There he crossed before the sun was gotten high; and then, having eaten his breakfast with an excellent appetite, he began to ascend. It was heavy, toilsome work scrambling up the steep sides of the mountains; but Squirrel was used to climbing; so for a while he proceeded expeditiously. Often however, was he obliged to stop and take breath; so that it was a good deal past noon before he had arrived at the summit of the first cliff. Here he sat down to eat his dinner; and looking back, was wonderfully pleased with the fine prospect. The wood in which he lived lay far beneath his feet; and he viewed with scorn the humble habitation in which he had been born and bred.

When he looked forwards, however, he was somewhat discouraged to observe that another eminence rose above him, full as distant as that to which he had already reached; and he now began to feel stiff and fatigued. However, after a little rest, he set out again, though not so briskly as before. The ground was rugged, brown, and bare; and to his great surprize, instead of finding it warmer as he got nearer the sun, he felt it grow colder and colder. He had not travelled two hours before his strength and spirits

were almost spent; and he seriously thought of giving up the point, and returning before night should come on. While he was thus deliberating with himself, clouds began to gather round the mountain, and to take away all view of distant objects. Presently a storm of mingled snow and hail came down, driven by a violent wind, which pelted poor Squirrel most pitifully, and made him quite unable to move forwards or backwards. Besides, he had completely lost his road, and did not know which way to turn towards that despised home, which it was now his only desire again to reach. The storm lasted till the approach of night; and it was as much as he could do, benumbed and weary as he was, to crawl to the hollow of a rock at some distance, which was the best lodging he could find for the night. His provisions were spent; so that, hungry and shivering, he crept into the furthest corner of the cavern, and rolling himself up, with his bushy tail over his back, he got a little sleep, though disturbed by the cold, and the shrill whistling of the wind among the stones.

The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when Squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced, as well as he could, towards the brow of the hill, that he might discover which way to take. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite, soaring in the air above, descried him, and making a stoop, carried him off in her talons. Poor Squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was borne away with vast rapidity, and seemed inevitably doomed to become food for the kites's young ones: when an eagle, who had seen the kite seize her prey, pursued her in order to take it from her; and overtaking her,

gave her such a buffet, as caused her to drop the Squirrel in order to defend herself. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time, till at last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree, the leaves and tender boughs of which so broke his fall, that though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury, and after lying a while, came to himself again. But what was his pleasure and surprise, to find himself in the very tree which contained his nest. Ah! said he, my dear native place and peaceful home! if ever I am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo a second time all the miseries and dangers from which I am now so wonderfully escaped.

A DIALOGUE

ON DIFFERENT STATIONS IN LIFE.

LITTLE Sally. Meanwell had one day been to pay an afternoon's visit to Miss Harriet the daughter of Sir Thomas Pemberton. The evening proving rainy, she was sent home in Sir Thomas's coach; and on her return, the following conversation passed between her and her mother.

Mrs. Meanwell. Well, my dear, I hope you have had a pleasant visit.

Sally. O yes, mamma, very pleasant; you cannot think what a great many fine things I have seen. And then it is so charming to ride in a coach!

Mrs. M. I suppose Miss Harriet shewed you all her playthings.

Sally. O yes, such fine large dolls, so smartly dressed, as I never saw in my life before. Then she has a baby-house and all sorts of furniture in it; and a grotto all made of shells, and shining

Hones. And then she shewed me all her fine clothes for the next ball; there's a white slip all full of spangles, and pink ribbons; you can't think how beautiful it looks.

Mrs. M. And what did you admire most of all these fine things?

Sally. I don't know---I admired them all; and I think I liked riding in the coach better than all the rest. Why don't we keep a coach, mamma? and why have not I such fine clothes and playthings as Miss Harriet?

Mrs. M. Because we cannot afford it, my dear. Your papa is not so rich, by a great deal, as Sir Thomas; and if we were to lay out our money upon such things, we should not be able to procure food and raiment and other necessaries for you all.

Sally. But why is not papa as rich as Sir Thomas?

Mrs. M. Sir Thomas had a large estate left him by his father; but your papa has little but what he gains by his own industry.

Sally. But why should not papa be as rich as any body else? I am sure he deserves it as well.

Mrs. M. Do you not think that there are a great many people poorer than he, that are also very deserving?

Sally. Are there?

Mrs. M. Yes, to be sure. Don't you know what a number of poor people there are all around us, who have very few of the comforts we enjoy? What do you think of Plowman the labourer? I believe you never saw him idle in your life.

Sally. No; he is gone to work long before I am up, and he does not return till almost bed time, unless it be for his dinner.

Mrs. M. Well; how do you think his wife

and children live? Should you like that we should change places with them?

Sally. O no! they are so dirty and ragged.

Mrs. M. They are indeed, poor creatures! but I am afraid they suffer worse evils than that.

Sally. What, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why I am afraid they often do not get as much victuals as they could eat. And then in winter they must be half starved for want of fire and warm clothing. How do you think you could bear all this?

Sally. Indeed I don't know. But I have seen Plowman's wife carry great brown loaves into the house; and I remember once eating some brown bread and milk, and I thought it very good.

Mrs. M. I believe you would not much like it constantly: besides, they can hardly get enough of that. But you seem to know almost as little of the poor as the young French princes did.

Sally. What was that, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why there had been one year so bad a harvest in France, that numbers of the poor were famished to death. This calamity was so much talked of, that it reached the court, and was mentioned before the young princesses. Dear me! said one of them, how *filly* that was! Why rather than be famished, I would eat bread and cheese. Her governess was then obliged to acquaint her, that the greatest part of her father's subjects scarcely ever eat any thing better than black bread all their lives; and that vast numbers would now think themselves very happy to get only half their usual pittance of that. Such wretchedness as this was what the princess had not the least idea of; and the account shocked her so much, that she was glad to sacrifice all her finery to afford some relief to the sufferings of the poor.

Sally. But I hope, there is nobody famished in our country.

Mrs. M. I hope not, for we have laws by which every person is entitled to relief from the parish, if he is unable to gain a subsistence; and were there no laws about it, I am sure it would be our duty to part with every superfluity, rather than let a fellow creature perish for want of necessaries.

Sally. Then do you think it was wrong for Miss Pemberton to have all those fine things?

Mrs. M. No, my dear, if they are suitable to her fortune, and do not consume the money which ought to be employed in more useful things for herself and others.

Sally. But why might not she be contented with such things as I have; and give the money that the rest cost to the poor?

Mrs. M. Because she can afford both to be charitable to the poor, and also to indulge herself in these pleasures. But do you recollect, that the children of Mr. White the baker, and Mr. Shape the taylor, might ask just the same questions about you?

Sally. How so?

Mrs. M. Are not you as much better dressed, and as much more plentifully supplied with playthings than they are, as Miss Pemberton is than you?

Sally. Why, I believe I may; for I remember Polly White was very glad of one of my old dolls, and Nancy Shape cried for such a sash as mine, but her mother would not let her have one.

Mrs. M. Then you see, my dear, that there are many who have fewer things to be thankful for than you have; and you may also learn what ought to be the true measure of the ex-

peculations of children, and the indulgencies of parents.

Sally. I don't quite understand you, mamma.

Mrs. M. Every thing ought to be suited to the station in which we live, or are likely to live, and the wants and duties of it. Your papa and I do not grudge laying out part of our money to promote the innocent pleasure of our children; but it would be very wrong in us to lay out so much on this account, as would oblige us to spare in more necessary articles, as in their education, and the common household expences required in our way of living. Besides, it would be so far from making you happier, that it would be doing you the greatest injury.

Sally. How could that be mamma?

Mrs. M. If you were to be dressed like Miss Pemberton, don't you think you should be greatly mortified at being worse dressed when you came to be a young woman?

Sally. I believe I should, mamma: for then perhaps I might go to assemblies; and to be sure I should like to be as smart then as at any time.

Mrs. M. Well, but it would be still more improper for us to dress you then beyond our circumstances, because your necessary clothes will then cost more, you know. Then if we were now to hire a coach or chair for you to go visiting in, should you like to leave it off ever afterwards? But you have no reason to expect that you will be able to have those indulgencies when you are a woman. And so it is in every thing else: The more fine things, and the more gratifications you have now, the more you will require hereafter; for custom makes things so familiar to us, that while we enjoy them less, we want them more.

Sally. How is that, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why, don't you think you have enjoyed your ride in the coach this evening more than Miss Harriet would have done?

Sally. I suppose I have; because if Miss Harriet liked it so well, she would be always riding, for I know she might have the coach whenever she pleased.

Mrs. M. But if you were both told that you were never to ride in a coach again, which would think it the greater hardship? You could walk, you know, as you have always done before; but she would rather stay at home, I believe, than expose herself to the cold wind, and trudge through wet and dirt in pattens.

Sally. I believe so too; and now, mamma, I see that all you have told me is very right.

Mrs. M. Well, my dear, let it dwell upon your mind, so as to make you cheerful and contented in your station, which you see is much happier than that of many and many other children. So now we will talk no more on this subject.

THE GOLDFINCH AND LINNET.

A GAUDY GOLDFINCH, pert and gay,
Hopping blithe from spray to spray,
Full of frolic, full of spring,
With head well plum'd and burnish'd wing,
Spied a sober LINNET hen,
Sitting all alone,
And bow'd and chirp'd, and bow'd again;
And with familiar tone,
He thus the dame address'd,
As to her side he closely press'd.

"I hope, my dear, I don't intrude,
By breaking on your solitude;
But it has always been my passion,
To forward pleasant conversation;

And I should be a stupid bird
To pass the fair without a word;
I, who have been for ever noted
To be the sex's most devoted.
Besides, a damsel unattended,
Left unnoticed and unriended,
Appears (excuse me) so forlorn,
That I can scarce suppose,
By any she that e'er was born,
'T would be the thing she chose.
How happy, then, I'm now at leisure
To wait upon a lady's pleasure;
All this morn have nought to do
But pay my duty, love, to you.

What silent I! — Ah, those looks demure,
And eyes of languor, make me sure
That in my random idle chatter,
I quite mislook the matter!

It is not spleen or contemplation

That draws me to the cover;

But 'tis some tender affigation:

Well! — who's the favour'd lover?

I met hardby, in quaker suit,

A youth sedately grave and mute;

And from the maxims, like to like,

Perhaps the sober youth might strike.

Yes, yes, 'tis he, I'll lay my life,

Who hopes to get you for a wife.

But come, my dear, I know you're wife,

Compare and judge, and use your eyes,

No female yet could e'er behold

The lustre of my red and gold,

My ivory bill and jetty crest,

But all was done and I was blest.

Come, brighten up, and act with spirit,

And take the fortune that you merit.

He ceas'd — Lissandra thus replied,

With cool contempt and decent pride:

'Tis pity, Sir, a youth so sweet

In form and manners so complete,

Should do an humble maid the honour

To waste his precious time upon her.

A poor forsaken she, you know,

Can do no credit to a beau;

I And worse would be the case,

If meeting one whose faith was plighted,

And

He should incur the sad disgrace
Of being slighted,

Now, Sir, the ~~lower~~ ^{lower} ~~sort~~ ^{sort} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~young~~ ^{young} ~~men~~ ^{men},
Whom you were pleas'd to mention,
To those small merits, sense and truth,
And generous love, has some pretension,
And then, to give him all his due,
He sings, Sir, full as well as you,
And sometimes can be silent too,
In short, my taste is so perverse,
And such my wayward fate,
That it would be my greatest curse,
To have a coxcomb to my mate.

This said, away she scuds,
And leaves ~~beau~~ ^{beau} Goldrich in the luds.

THIRD EVENING.

ON THE PINE AND FIR-TRIBE.

A DIALOGUE.

Tutor.----George.----Harry.

Tut. Let us sit down a while on this bench,
and look about us. What a charming prospect!

Har. I admire those pleasure grounds. What
beautiful clumps of trees there are in that Lawn!

Geo. But what a dark gloomy wood that is at
the back of the house!

Tut. It is a fir plantation; and those trees
always look dismal in the summer, when there
are so many finer greens to compare them with.
But the winter is their time for show, when other
trees are stripped of their verdure.

Geo. Then they are evergreens?

Tut. Yes; most of the fir-tribe are evergreens;
and as they are generally natives of cold moun-
tainous countries, they contribute greatly to
cheer the wintry landscape.

Geo. You were so good, when we walked
out last, to tell us a good deal about Oaks. I
thought it one of the prettiest lessons I ever

heard. I should be very glad if you would give us such another about Firs.

Har. So should I too, I am sure.

Tut. With all my heart, and I am pleased that you ask me. Nothing is so great an encouragement to a tutor as to find his pupils of their own accord seeking after useful knowledge.

Geo. And I think it is very useful to know such things as these.

Tut. Certainly it is. Well then---you may know the Pine or Fir-tribe in general, at first sight, as most of them are of a bluish-green colour, and all have leaves consisting of a strong narrow pointed blade, which gives them somewhat of a stiff appearance. Then all of them bear a hard scaly fruit, of a longish or conical form.

Har. Are they what we call Fir-apples?

Tut. Yes; that is one of the names boys give them.

Har. We often pick them under trees, and throw them at one another.

Geo. I have sometimes brought home my pocket full to burn. They make a fine clear flame.

Tut. Well---do you know where the seeds lie in them?

Geo. No---have they any?

Tut. Yes---at the bottom of every scale lie two winged seeds; but when the scales open, the seeds fall out; so that you can seldom find any in those you pick up.

Har. Are the seeds good for any thing?

Tut. There is a kind of Pine in the south of Europe called the *Stone Pine*, the kernels of which are eaten, and said to be as sweet as an almond. And birds pick out the seeds of other sorts, though they are so well defended by the woody scales.

Har. They must have good strong bills then.

Tut. Of this tribe of trees a variety of species are found in different countries, and are cultivated in this. But the only kind native here, is the *Wild Pine*, or *Scotch Fir*. Of this there are large natural forests in the highlands of Scotland; and the principal plantations consist of it. It is a hardy sort, fit for barren and mountainous soils, but grows slowly.

Geo. Pray what are those very tall trees that grow in two rows before the old hall in our village?

Tut. They are the *Common* or *Spruce Fir*, a native of Norway and other northern countries, and one of the loliest of the tribe. But observe those trees that grow singly in the grounds opposite to us, with wide-spread branches, pointing downwards, and trailing on the ground, thence gradually lessening, till the top of the tree ends almost in a point.

Har. What beautiful trees!

Tut. They are the Pines called *Larches*, natives of the Alps and Appenines, and now frequently planted to decorate our gardens. These are not properly evergreens, as they shed their leaves in winter, but quickly recover them again. Then we have besides the *Weymouth Pine*, which is the tallest species in America--the *Silver Fir*, so called from the silvery hue of its foliage--the *Pinus* or *Pinaster*--and a tree of ancient fame, the *Cedar of Lebanon*.

Geo. I suppose that is a very great tree.

Tut. It grows to a large size, but is very slow in coming to its full growth.

Geo. Are Pines and Firs very useful trees?

Tut. Perhaps the more so of any. By much the greatest part of the wood used among us comes from them.

Har. What—more than from the Oak?

Tut. Yes, much more. Almost all the timber used in building houses, for floors, beams, rafters, and roofs, is Fir.

Geo. Does it all grow in this country?

Tut. Scarcely any of it. Norway, Sweden, and Russia, are the countries from which we draw our timber, and a vast trade there is in it. You have seen timber yards?

Geo. Oh yes—several.

Tut. In them you would observe some very long thick beams, called *balks*. Those are whole trees, only stripped of the bark and squared. You would also see great piles of planks and boards, of different lengths and thickness. Those are called *deal*, and are brought over ready sawed from the countries where they grow. They are of different colours. The white are chiefly from the Fir-tree, the yellow and red from the Pine.

Har. I suppose there must be great forests of them in those countries, or else they could not send us so much.

Tut. Yes. The mountains of Norway are over-run with them; enough for the supply of all Europe; but on account of their ruggedness and want of roads, it is found impossible to get the trees when felled down to the sea-coast, unless they grow near some river.

Geo. How do they manage them?

Tut. They take the opportunity when the rivers are swelled with rains or melted snow, and tumble the trees into them, when they are carried down to the mouths of the rivers, where they are stopped by a kind of pens.

Har. I should like to see them swimming down the stream.

Tut. Yes—it would be curious enough; for

in some places these torrents roll over rocks, making steep water falls; down which the trees are carried headlong, and often do not rise again till they are got to a considerable distance; and many of them are broken and torn to pieces in the passage.

Geo. Are these woods used for any thing besides building?

Tut. For a variety of purposes; such as boxes, trunks, packing-cases, pales, waincoats, and the like. Deal is a very soft wood, easily worked, light and cheap, which makes it preferred for so many uses, though it is not very durable, and is very liable to split.

Har. Yes---I know my box is made of deal, and the lid is split all to pieces with driving nails into it.

Geo. Are ships ever built with Fir?

Tut. It was one of the first woods made use of for naval purposes; and in the poets you will find the words *Pine* and *Fir*, frequently employed to signify *ship*. But as navigation has improved, the stronger and more durable woods have generally taken its place. However, in the countries where Fir is very plentiful, large ships are still built with it; for though they last but a short time, they cost so little in proportion, that the profit of a few voyages is sufficient. Then, from the great lightness of the wood, they swim higher in the water, and consequently will bear more loading. Most of the large ships that bring timber from Archangel in Russia are built of Fir. As for the masts of ships, those I have already told you are all made of Fir or Pine on account of their straightness and lightness.

Geo. Are there not some lines in Milton's *Paradise Lost* about that?

Tut. Yes. The spear of Satan is magnified by a comparison with a lofty Pine.

His spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand.

Har. I remember, too, that the walking-staff of the giant Polypheme was a Pine.

Tut. Ay---so Virgil and Ovid tell us; and he must have been a giant indeed, to use such a a stick. Well, so much for the wood of these trees. But I have more to say about their uses.

Har. I am glad of it.

Tut. All of the tribe contain a juice of a bitterish taste and strong fragrant smell. This, in some, is so abundant as to flow out from incisions; when it is called *Turpentine*. The larch, in particular, yields a large quantity. Turpentine is one of the substances called *resinous*; it is sticky, transparent, very inflammable, and will not mix with water, but will dissolve in spirits of wine.

Geo. What is it used for?

Tut. It is used medicinally, particularly in the composition of plasters and ointments. It is also an ingredient in varnishes, cements, and the like. An oil distilled from turpentine is employed in medicine, and is much used by painters for mixing up their colours. What remains after getting this oil, is common *rosin*.

All these substances take fire very easily, and burn with a great flame; and the wood of the Pine has so much of this quality, when dry, that it has been used in many countries for torches.

Har. I know deal mavings burn very briskly.

Geo. Yes; and matches are made of bits of deal dipped in brimstone.

Tut. True;---and when it was the custom to burn the bodies of the dead, as you read in

Homer and other old authors, the pines and pitch-trees composed great part of the funeral pile.

Har. But what are pitch-trees? Does pitch grow upon trees?

Tut. I was going on to tell you about that. *Tar* is a product of the trees of this kind, especially of one species, called the Pitch-pine. The wood is burned in a sort of oven made in the earth, and the resinous juice sweats out, and acquires a peculiar taste and a black colour from the fire. This is *tar*. Tar when boiled down to dryness becomes *pitch*.

Geo. Tar and pitch are chiefly used about ships; are they not?

Tut. They resist moisture, and therefore are of great service in preventing things from decaying that are exposed to wet. For this reason, the cables and other ropes of ships are well soaked with tar; and the sides of ships are covered with pitch mixed with other ingredients. Their seams, too, or the places where the planks join, are filled with tow dipped in a composition of rosin, tallow, and pitch, to keep out the water. Wood for paling, for piles, coverings of roofs, and other purposes of the like nature, are often tarred over. Cisterns and casks are pitched to prevent leaking.

Har. But what are sheep tarred for, after they are sheared?

Tut. To cure wounds and sores in their skin. For the like purposes, an ointment made with tar is often rubbed upon children's heads. Several parts of the Pine are medicinal. The tops and green cones of the Spruce Fir are brewed with malt, and the liquor called *Spruce-beer*, is much drank in America, particularly for the scurvey.

Geo. Is it pleasant?

Tut. Not to those who are unaccustomed to it. Well, I have now finished my lesson, so let us walk.

Har. Shall we go through the grounds?

Tut. Yes; and then we will view some of the different kinds of Fir and Pine more closely, and I will show you the difference of their leaves and cones, by which they are distinguished.

THE ROOKERY.

There the hoarse-voiced hungry rook,

Near her stick-built nest doth crouch,

Waving on the topmost bough.

THESE lines Mr. Stangrove repeated, pointing up to a Rookery, as he was walking in an avenue of tall trees, with his son Francis.

Francis. Is that a Rookery, papa?

Mr. St. It is. Do you hear what a cawing the birds make?

Fr. Yes—and I see them hopping about among the boughs. Pray, are not Rooks the same with crows?

Mr. St. They are a species of crow; but they differ from the carrion crow and raven in not living upon dead flesh, but upon corn and other seeds, and grass. They indeed pick up beetles and other insects, and worms. See, what a number of them have lighted on yonder ploughed field, almost blackening it over.

Fr. What are they doing?

Mr. St. Searching for grubs and worms. You see the men in the field do not molest them, for they do a great deal of service by destroying grubs, which, if they were suffered to grow to winged insects, would do much mischief to the trees and plants.

Fr. But do they not hurt the corn?

Mr. St. Yes—they tear up a good deal of it.

green corn, if they are not driven away. But upon the whole, Rooks are reckoned the farmer's friends; and they do not choose to have them destroyed.

Fr. Do all Rooks live in Rookeries?

Mr. St. It is the general nature of them to associate together, and build in numbers on the same or adjoining trees. But this is often in the midst of woods or natural groves. However, they have no objection to the neighbourhood of man, but readily take to a plantation of tall trees, though it be close to a house; and this is commonly called a Rookery. They will even fix their habitations on trees in the midst of towns; and I have seen a Rookery in a churchyard in one of the closest parts of London.

Fr. I think a rookery is a sort of town itself.

Mr. St. It is:—a village in the air, peopled with numerous inhabitants; and nothing can be more amusing than to view them all in motion, flying to and fro, and busied in their several occupations. The spring is their busiest time. Early in the year they begin to repair their nests, or build new ones.

Fr. Do they all work together, or every one for itself?

Mr. St. Each pair, after they have coupled, builds its own nest; and instead of helping, they are very apt to steal the materials from one another. If both birds go out at once in search of sticks, they often find, at their return, the work all destroyed, and the materials carried off; so that one of them generally stays at home to keep watch. However, I have met with a story which shows that they are not without some sense of the criminality of thieving. There was in a Rookery a lazy pair

of Rooks, who never went out to get sticks for themselves, but made a practice of watching when their neighbours were abroad, and helped themselves from their nests. They had served most of the community in this manner, and by these means had just finished their own nest; when all the other Rooks in a rage fell upon them at once, pulled their nest in pieces, beat them soundly, and drove them from their society.

Fr. That was very right---I should have liked to have seen it. But why do they live together, if they do not help one another?

Mr. St. They probably receive pleasure from the company of their own kind, as men and various other creatures do. Then, though they do not assist one another in building, they are mutually serviceable in many ways. If a large bird of prey hovers about a Rookery for the purpose of carrying off any of the young ones, they all unite to drive him away. When they are feeding in a flock, several are placed as sentinels upon the trees all round, who give the alarm if any danger approaches. They often go a long way from home to feed; but every evening the whole flock returns, making a loud cawing as they fly, as if to direct and call in the stragglers. The older Rooks take the lead: you may distinguish them by the whiteness of their bills, occasioned by their frequent digging in the ground, by which the black feathers at the root of the bill are worn off.

Fr. Do Rooks always keep to the same trees?

Mr. St. Yes-- they are much attached to them; and when the trees happen to be cut down, they seem greatly distressed, and keep hovering about them as they are falling, and will scarcely desert them when they lie on the ground.

Fr. Poor things! I suppose they feel as we should if our town was burned down or overthrown by an earthquake.

Mr. St. No doubt! The societies of animals greatly resemble those of man; and that of Rooks is like those of men in a savage state, such as the communities of the North American Indians. It is a sort of league for mutual aid and defence, but in which every one is left to do as he pleases, without any obligation to employ himself for the whole body. Others unite in a manner resembling more civilised societies of men. This is the case with the beavers. They perform great public works by the united efforts of the whole community, such as damming up streams, and constructing mounds for their habitations. (As these are works of great art and labour, some of them must probably act under the direction of others, and be compelled to work whether they will or not. Many curious stories are told to this purpose by those who have observed them in their remotest haunts, where they exercise their full sagacity.

Fr. But are they all true?

Mr. St. That is more than I can answer for; yet what we certainly know of the economy of bees may justify us in believing extraordinary things of the sagacity of animals. The society of bees goes further than that of beavers, and in some respects, beyond most among men themselves. They not only inhabit a common dwelling, and perform great works in common, but they lay up a store of provision which is the property of the whole community, and is not used except at certain seasons and under certain regulations. A bee-hive is a true image of a

commonwealth, where no member acts for himself alone, but for the whole body.

Fr. But there are drones among them who do not work at all.

Mr. St. Yes---and at the approach of winter they are driven out of the hive, and left to perish with cold and hunger. But I have not leisure at present to tell you more about bees. You shall one day see them at work in a glass hive. In the mean time, remember one thing, which applies to all the societies of animals; and I wish it did as well to all those of men likewise.

Fr. What is that?

Mr. St. The principle upon which they all associate, is to obtain some benefit for the *whole* body, not to give particular advantages to a *few*.

DIALOGUE,

ON THINGS TO BE LEARNED;

Between Mamma and Kitty.

Kitty. PRAY, mamma, may I leave off working? I am tired.

Mamma. You have done very little, my dear; you know you were to finish all that hem.

K. But I had rather write now, mamma, or read, or get my French grammar.

M. I know very well what that means, Kitty; you had rather do any thing but what I set you about.

K. No, mamma; but you know I can work very well already, and I have a great many other things to learn. There's Miss Rich that cannot sew half so well as I, and she is learning music and drawing already, besides dancing, and I don't know how many other things. She tells me that they hardly work at all in their school.

M. Your tongue runs at a great rate, my dear; but in the first place, you cannot sew very well, for if you could, you would not have been so long in doing this little piece. Then I hope you will allow, that mammas know better what is proper for their little girls to learn, than they do themselves.

K. To be sure, mamma; but as I suppose I must learn all these things some time or other, I thought you would like to have me begin them soon, for I have often heard you say, that children cannot be set too early about what is necessary for them to do.

M. That's very true, but all things are not equally necessary to every one; but some that are very fit for one, are scarcely proper at all for others.

K. Why, mamma?

M. Because, my dear, it is the purpose of all education to fit persons for the station in which they are hereafter to live; and you know there are very great differences in that respect, both among men and women.

K. Are there? I thought all ladies lived alike.

M. It is usual to call all well-educated women, who have no occasion to work for their livelihood, ladies; but if you will think a little, you must see that they live very differently from each other, for their fathers and husbands are in very different ranks and situations in the world, you know.

K. Yes, I know that some are lords, and some are squires, and some are clergymen, and some are merchants, and some are doctors, and some are shopkeepers.

M. Well; and do you think the wives and daughters of all these persons can have just the

same things to do, and the same duties to perform? You know how I spend my time. I have to go to market and provide for the family, to look after the servants, to help in taking care of your children, and in teaching you, to see that your clothes are in proper condition, and assist in making and mending for myself, and you, and your papa. All this is my necessary duty; and besides this, I must go out a visiting to keep up our acquaintances; this I call partly business, and partly amusement. Then when I am tired, and have done all that I think necessary, I may amuse myself with reading, or in any other proper way. Now a great many of these employments do not belong to Lady Wealthy, or Mrs. Rich, who keep house-keepers and governesses, and servants of all kinds, to do every thing for them. It is very proper, therefore, for them to pay more attention to music, drawing, ornamental work, and any other elegant manner of passing their time, and making themselves agreeable.

K. And shall I have all the same things to do, mamma, that you have?

M. It is impossible, my dear, to foresee what your future station will be: but you have no reason to expect that if you have a family, you will have fewer duties to perform than I have. This is the way of life for which your education should prepare you; and every thing will be useful and important for you to learn, in proportion as it will make you fit for this.

K. But when I am grown a young lady, shall not I have to visit, and go to assemblies and plays, as Miss Willens and Miss Johnsons do?

M. It is very likely you may enter into some amusements of this sort: but even then you will have several more serious employments,

which will take up a much greater part of your time ; and if you do not do them properly, you will have no right to partake of the others.

K. What will they be, mamma ?

M. Why don't you think it proper that you should assist me in my household affairs a little, as soon as you are able ?

K. O yes, mamma, I should be very glad to do that.

M. Well, consider what talents will be necessary for that purpose ; will not a good hand at your needle be one of the very first qualities ?

K. I believe it will.

M. Yes, and not only in assisting *me*, but in making things for *yourself*. You know how we admired Miss Smart's ingenuity when she was with us, in contriving and making so many articles of her dress, for which she must otherwise have gone to the milliner's, which would have cost a great deal of money.

K. Yes, she made my pretty bonnet, and she made you a very handsome cap.

M. Very true ; she was so clever as not only to furnish herself with these things, but to oblige her friends with some of her work. And I dare say she does a great deal of plain work also for herself and her mother. Well, then, you are convinced of the importance of this business, I hope.

K. Yes, mamma.

M. Reading and writing are such necessary parts of education, that I need not say much to you about them.

K. O no, for I love reading dearly.

M. I know you do, if you can get entertaining stories to read ; but there are many things also to be read for instruction, which perhaps may not be so pleasant at first.

K. But what need is there of so many books of this sort?

M. Some are to teach you your duty to your Maker, and your fellow creatures, of which I hope you are sensible you ought not to be ignorant. Then it is very right to be acquainted with geography; for you remember how poor Miss Blunder was laughed at for saying that if she ever went to France, it should be by land.

K. That was because England is an island and all surrounded with water, was not it?

M. Yes, Great Britain, which contains both England and Scotland, is an island. Well, it is very useful to know something of the nature of plants, and animals, and minerals, because we are always using some or other of them. Something, too, of the heavenly bodies, is very proper to be known, both that we may admire the power and wisdom of God in creating them, and that we may not make foolish mistakes, when their motions and properties are the subject of conversation. The knowledge of history too, is very important, especially that of our own country; and in short every thing that makes part of the discourse of rational and well-educated people, ought in some degree to be studied by every one who has proper opportunities.

K. Yes, I like some of these things very well. But pray, mamma, what do I learn French for---am I ever to live in France?

M. Probably not, my dear; but there are a great many books written in French that are very well worth reading; and it may every now and then happen that you may be in company with foreigners who cannot speak English, and as they almost all talk French, you may be able to converse with them in that language.

K. Yes, I remember there was a gentleman

here, that came from Germany, I think, and he could hardly talk a word of English, but papa and you could talk with him in French; and I wished very much to be able to understand what you were saying, for I believe part of it was about me.

M. It was. Well then, you see the use of French. But I cannot say this is a *necessary* part of knowledge to young women in general, only it is well worth acquiring, if a person has leisure and opportunity. I will tell you, however, what is quite necessary for one in your station, and that is, to write a good hand, and to cast accounts well.

K. I should like to write well, because then I could send letters to my friends when I pleased, and it would not be such a scrawl as our maid Betty writes, that I dare say her friends can hardly make out.

M. She had not the advantage of learning when young, for you know she taught herself since she came to us, which was a very sensible thing of her, and I suppose she will improve. Well, but accounts are almost as necessary as writing; for how could I cast up all the market bills, and tradesmen's accounts, and keep my house books without it?

K. And what is the use of that, mamma?

M. It is of use to prevent our being overcharged in any thing and to know exactly how much we spend, and whether or no we are exceeding our income, and in what articles we ought to be more saving. Without keeping accounts, the richest man might soon come to be ruined before he knew his affairs were going wrong?

K. But do women always keep accounts? I thought that was generally the business of the men.

M. It is their business to keep the accounts belonging to their trade, or profession, or estate; but it is the business of their wives to keep all the household accounts: and a woman almost in any rank, unless perhaps some of the highest of all, is to blame if she does not take upon her this necessary office. I remember a remarkable instance of the benefit which a young lady derived from an attention to this point. An eminent merchant in London failed for a great sum.

K. What does that mean, mamma?

M. That he owed a great deal more than he could pay. His creditors, that is those to whom he was indebted, on examining his accounts found great deficiencies which they could not make out; for he had kept his books very irregularly, and had omitted to put down many things which he had bought and sold. They suspected, therefore, that great waste had been made in the family expences; and they were the more suspicious of this, as a daughter, who was a very genteel young lady, was his house-keeper, his wife being dead. She was told of this; upon which, when the creditors were all met, she sent them her house-books for their examination. They were all written in a very fair hand and every single article was entered with the greatest regularity, and the sums were all cast up with perfect exactness. The gentlemen were so highly pleased with this proof of the young lady's ability, that they all agreed to make her a handsome present out of the effects; and one of the richest of them, who was in want of a clever wife, soon after paid his addresses to her, and married her.

K. That was very lucky, for I suppose she took care of her poor father, when she was

rich. But I shall have nothing of that sort to do a great while.

M. No; but young women should keep their own accounts of clothes and pocket-money, and other expences, as I intend you shall do when you grow up.

K. Am not I to learn dancing, and music, and drawing too, mamma?

M. Dancing you shall certainly learn pretty soon, because it is not only an agreeable accomplishment in itself, but is useful in forming the body to ease and elegance in all its motions. As to the other two, they are merely ornamental accomplishments, which though a woman of middling station may be admired for possessing, yet she will never be censured for being without. The propriety of attempting to acquire them must depend on natural genius for them, and upon leisure and other accidental circumstances. For some they are too expensive, and many are unable to make such progress in them as will repay the pains of beginning. It is soon enough, however, for us to think about these things, and at any rate they are not to come in till you have made a very good proficiency in what is useful and necessary. But I see you have now finished what I set you about, so you shall take a walk with me into the marketplace, where I have two or three things to buy.

K. Shall not we call at the bookseller's, to enquire for those new books that Miss Reader was talking about?

M. Perhaps we may. Now lay up your work neatly, and get on your hat and tippet.

MOUSE, LAP-DOG, AND MONKEY.

A FABLE.

A POOR little Mouse, being halfstarved, ventured one day to steal from behind the wainscot

while the family were at dinner, and trembling all the while, picked up a few crumbs which were scattered on the ground. She was soon observed, however; every body was immediately alarmed; some called for the cat; others took up what ever was at hand, and endeavoured to crush her to pieces; and the poor terrified animal was driven round the room in an agony of terror. At length, however, she was fortunate enough to gain her hole, where she sat panting with fatigue. When the family were again seated, a Lap-Dog and a Monkey came into the room. The former jumped into the lap of his mistress, fawned upon every one of the children, and made his court so effectually, that he was rewarded with some of the best morsels of the entertainment. The monkey, on the other hand, forced himself into notice by his grimaces. He played a thousand little mischievous tricks, and was regaled, at the appearance of the desert, with plenty of nuts and apples. The unfortunate little Mouse, who saw from her hiding place every thing that passed, sighed in anguish of heart, and said to herself, "Alas! how ignorant was I, to imagine that poverty and distress were sufficient recommendations to the charity of the opulent. I now find, that whoever is not master of fawning and buffoonery, is but ill qualified for a dependant, and will not be suffered even to pick up the crumbs that fall from the table."

ANIMALS,

AND THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

O'ER AFRIC's sand the tawny Lion stalks;
 On PHÆSIA's banks the graceful Pheasant walks;
 The lonely Eagle builds on KILDA's shore;
 GERMANIA's forests feed the tusky Boar;
 From ALP to ALP the sprightly Ibex bounds;
 With peaceful lowings, BERT's idle resounds;

The LAPLAND peasant o'er the frozen meer,
Is drawn in sledges by his swift Rein-Deer;
The River-Horse and Scaly Crocodile,
Infest the reedy banks of fruitful NILE:
Dize Dipsa's hiss over MAURITANIA's plain:
And Seals and spouting Whales sport in the NORTHERN MAIN.

FOURTH EVENING.

CANUTE'S REPROOF

TO HIS COURTIERS:

PERSONS.

CANUTE King of England. OSWALD, OFFA, Courtiers.

Scene—The Sea-side, near Southampton. The tide coming in.

Can. Is it true, my friends, what you have so often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs?

Offa. It is true, my liege, you are the most powerful of all kings.

Os. We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

Offa. Not only we, but even the elements are your slaves. The land obeys you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

Can. Does the sea, with its loud boisterous waves, obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding.

Offa. Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.

Can. Is not the tide coming up?

Os. Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

Can. Bring me a chair then; set it here upon the sands.

Offa. Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

Can. Yes, set it just here.

Of. (aside.) I wonder what he is going to do!

Offa. (aside.) Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us!

Can. O mighty Ocean! thou art my subject; my courtiers tell me so; and it is thy bounden duty to obey me. Thus then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

Of. (aside.) I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

Offa. See how fast the tide rises!

Of. The next wave will come up to the chair. It is a folly to stay; we shall be covered with salt water.

Can. Well, does the sea obey my commands? if it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it swells, and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person. Vile sycophants! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies? that I believed your abject flatteries? Know, there is only one Being whom the sea will obey. He is Sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only he who can say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." A king is but a man; and man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him? Take away this crown, I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace!

THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF
A C A T.

SOME days ago died GRIMALKIN, the favourite tabby Cat of *Mrs. Petlove*. Her disor-

der was a shortness of breath, proceeding partly from old age, and partly from fat. As she felt her end approaching, she called her children to her, and with a good deal of difficulty spoke as follows.

Before I depart from this world, my children, I mean, if my breath will give me leave, to relate to you the principal events of my life, as the variety of scenes I have gone through may afford you some useful instruction for avoiding those dangers to which our species are particularly exposed.

Without further preface, then, I was born at a farm-house in a village some miles from hence; and almost as soon as I came into the world I was very near leaving it again. My mother brought five of us at a litter; and as the frugal people of the house only kept Cats to be useful, and were already sufficiently stocked, we were immediately doomed to be drowned; and accordingly a boy was ordered to take us all and throw us into the horse-pond. This commission he performed with the pleasure boys seem naturally to take in acts of cruelty, and we were presently set a swimming. While we were struggling for life, a little girl, daughter to the farmer, came running to the pond side, and begged very hard that she might save one of us, and bring it up for her own. After some dispute, her request was granted; and the boy, reaching out his arm, took hold of me, who was luckily nearest him, and brought me out when I was just spent. I was laid on the grass, and it was some time before I recovered. The girl then restored me to my mother, who was overjoyed to get again one of her little ones; and for fear of another mischance, she took me in her mouth to a dark hole, where she kept me till I could see,

and was able to run by her side. As soon as I came to light again, my little mistress took possession of me, and tended me very carefully. Her fondness, indeed, was sometimes troublesome, as she pinched my sides with carrying me, and once or twice hurt me a good deal by letting me fall. Soon, however, I became strong and active, and played and gamboled all day long, to the great delight of my mistress and her companions.

At this time I had another narrow escape. A man brought into the house a strange dog, who had been taught to worry all the Cats that came in his way. My mother flunk away at his entrance; but I, thinking, like a little fool as I was, that I was able to protect myself staid on the floor, growling and setting up my back by way of defiance. The dog instantly ran at me, and before I could get my claws ready, seized me with his mouth, and began to gripe and shake me most terribly. I screamed out, and by good luck my mistress was within hearing. She ran to us, but was not able to disengage me, however, a servant, seeing her distress, took a great stick, and gave the dog such a bang on the back, that he was forced to let me go. He had used me so roughly, that I was not able to stand for some time; but by care and a good constitution I recovered.

I was now running after every body's heels, by which means I got one day locked up in the dairy. I was not sorry for this accident, thinking to feast upon the cream and other good things. But having climbed upon a shelf to get at a bowl of cream, I unluckily fell backwards into a large vessel of buttermilk, where I should probably have been drowned, had not the maid heard the noise, and come to see what was the matter. She took me out, scolding bitterly at

me, and after making me undergo a severe discipline at the pump to clean me, she dismissed me with a good whipping. I took care never to follow her into the dairy again.

After a while I began to get into the yard, and my mother took me into the barn upon a mousing expedition. I shall never forget the pleasure this gave me. We sat by a hole, and presently out came a mouse with a brood of young ones. My mother darted among them, and first demolished the old one, and then pursued the little ones, who ran about squeaking in dreadful perplexity. I now thought it was time for me to do something, and accordingly ran after a straggler, and soon overtook it. Oh, how proud was I, as I stood over my trembling captive, and patted him with my paws! My pride, however, soon met with a check, for seeing one day a large rat, I courageously flew at him; but instead of turning tail, he gave me such a bite on the nose, that I ran away to my mother, mewing piteously, with my face all bloody and swelled. For some time I did not meddle with rats again; but at length, growing stronger and more skilful, I feared neither rats nor any other vermin, and acquired the reputation of an excellent hunter.

I had some other escapes about this time. Once I happened to meet with some poisoned food laid for the rats, and eating it, I was thrown into a disorder that was very near killing me. At another time, I chanced to set my foot in a rat-trap, and received so many deep wounds from its teeth, that though I was loosened as gently as possible by the people who heard me cry, I was rendered lame for some weeks after.

Time went on, and I arrived at my full

growth; and forming an acquaintance with a he-cat about my age, after a decent resistance by scolding, biting, and scratching, we made a match of it. I became a mother in due time, and had the mortification of seeing several broods of my kittens disposed of in the same manner as my brothers and sisters had been. I shall mention two or three other adventures in the order I remember them. I was once prowling for birds along a hedge at some distance from home, when the squire's greyhounds came that way a coursing. As soon as they spied me, they set off full speed, and running much faster than I could do, were just at my tail, when I reached a tree, and saved myself by climbing up it. But a greater danger befell me on meeting with a parcel of boys returning from school. They surrounded me before I was aware, and obliged me to take refuge in a tree; but I soon found that a poor defence against such enemies; for they assembled about it, and threw stones on all sides, so that I could not avoid receiving many hard blows, one of which brought me senseless to the ground. The biggest boy now seized me and proposed to the rest making what he called rare sport with me. This sport was to tie me on a board, and launching me on a pond, to set some water-dogs at me, who were to duck and half drown me, while I was to defend myself by biting their noses, and scratching their eyes. Already was I bound, and just ready to be set a sailing, when the schoolmaster taking a walk that way, and seeing the bustle, came up, and obliged the boys to set me at liberty, severely reprimanding them for their cruel intentions.

The next remarkable incident of my life was the occasion of my removal from the country.

My mistress's brother had a tame linnet, of which he was very fond; for it would come and light on his shoulder when he called it, and feed out of his hand; and it sung well besides. This bird was usually either in his cage or upon a perch; but one unlucky day, when he and I were alone in the room together, he came down on the table to pick up crumbs. I spied him, and not being able to resist the temptation, sprang at him, and catching him in my claws, soon began to devour him. I had almost finished when his master came into the room; and seeing me with the remains of poor linnet in my mouth, he ran to me in the greatest fury, and after chasing me several times round the room, at length caught me. He was proceeding instantly to hang me, when his sister, by many entreaties and tears, persuaded him after a good whipping to forgive me, upon the promise that I should be sent away. Accordingly, the market-day I was dispatched in a cart to a relation's of theirs in this town, who wanted a good Cat, as the house was over-run with mice.

In the service of this family I continued a good while, performing my duty as a mouser extremely well, so that I was in high esteem. I soon became acquainted with all the particulars of a town life, and distinguished my activity in climbing up walls and houses, and jumping from roof to roof, either in pursuit of prey, or upon gossiping parties with my companions. Once, however, I had like to have suffered for my venturing; for having made a great jump from one house to another, I alighted upon a loose tile, which giving way with me, I fell from a vast height into the street, and should certainly have been killed, had I not had the luck to light in a

dung cart, whence I escaped with no other injury but being half stifled with filth.

Notwithstanding the danger I had run from killing the linnet, I am sorry to confess that I was again guilty of a similar offence. I contrived one night to leap down from a roof upon the board of some pigeon holes, which led to a garret inhabited by those birds. I entered, and, finding them asleep, made sad haycock among all that were within my reach, killing and sucking the blood of near a dozen. I was near paying dearly for this, too; for on attempting to return, I found it was impossible for me to leap up again to the place from whence I had descended, so that after several dangerous trials, I was obliged to wait trembling in the place where I had committed all these murders, till the owner came up in the morning to feed his pigeons. I rushed out between his legs as soon as the door was opened, and had the good fortune to get safe down stairs, and make my escape thro' a window unknown; but never shall I forget the horrors I felt that night! Let my double danger be a warning to you, my children, to controul your savage appetites, and on no account to do harm to those creatures which like ourselves are under the protection of man. We Cats all lie under a bad name for treacherous dispositions in this respect, and with shame I must acknowledge it is but too well merited.

Well—but my breath begins to fail me, and I must hasten to a conclusion. I still lived in the same family, when our present kind mistress, Mrs. Perlove, having lost a favourite tabby, advertised a very handsome price for another that should as nearly as possible resemble her dead darling. My owners, tempted by the offer, took me for the good lady's inspection, and I had the

honour of being preferred to a multitude of rivals. I was immediately settled in the comfortable mansion we now inhabit, and had many favours and indulgencies bestowed upon me, such as I had never before experienced. Among these I reckon one of the principal, that of being allowed to rear all my children, and to see them grow up in peace and plenty. My adventures here have been few; for after the monkey had spitefully bit off the last joint of my tail (for which I had the satisfaction to see him soundly corrected) I kept beyond the length of his chain; and neither the parrot nor lap-dogs ever dared to molest me. One of the greatest afflictions I ever felt here, was the killing of a whole litter of my kittens by a fat old lady, a friend of my mistress's, who sat down on the chair where they lay, and never perceived the mischief she was doing till she rose, though I pulled her clothes, and used all the means in my power to shew my uneasiness. This misfortune my mistress took to heart almost as much as myself, and the lady has never since entered our doors. Indeed, both I and mine have ever been treated here with the utmost kindness, --- perhaps with too much: for to the pampering me with delicacies, together with Mrs. Abigail's frequent washings, I attribute this asthma, which is now putting an end to my life, rather sooner than its natural period. But I know all was meant well; and with my last breath I charge you all to shew your gratitude to our worthy mistress, by every return in your power.

And now, my dear children, farewell; we shall perhaps meet again in a land where there are no dogs to worry us, or boys to torment us. --- Adieu!

Having thus said, Grimalkin became speech-

less, and presently departed this life, to the great grief of all the family.

THE LITTLE DOG. A FABLE.

"WHAT shall I do," said a very little Dog one day to his mother, "to shew my gratitude to our good master, and make myself of some value to him? I cannot draw or carry burdens, like the horse; nor give him milk like the cow; nor lend him my covering for his clothing, like the sheep; nor produce him eggs, like the poultry, nor catch mice and rats so well as the cat. I cannot divert him with singing, like the canaries and linnets; nor can I defend him against robbers, like our relation Towzer. I should not be of use to him even if I were dead, as the hogs are. I am a poor insignificant creature, not worth the cost of keeping; and I don't see that I can do a single thing to entitle me to his regard." So saying, the poor little Dog hung down his head in silent despondency.

"My dear child," replied his mother, "though your abilities are but small, yet a hearty good-will is sufficient to supply all defects. Do but love him dearly, and prove your love by all the means in your power, and you will not fail to please him."

The little Dog was comforted with this assurance; and on his master's approach, ran to him, licked his feet, gamboled before him, and every now and then stopped, wagging his tail, and looking up to his master with expressions of the most humble and affectionate attachment. The master observed him. Ha! little Fido, said he, you are an honest, good-natured little fellow! and stooped down to pat his head. Poor Fido was ready to go out of his wits with joy.

Fido was now his master's constant companion in his walks, playing and skipping round him, and amusing him by a thousand sportive tricks. He took care, however, not to be troublesome by leaping on him with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlour, unless invited. He also attempted to make himself useful by a number of little services. He would drive away the sparrows as they were stealing the chickens' meat; and would run and bark with the utmost fury at any strange pigs or other animals that offered to come into the yard. He kept the poultry, geese, and pigs from straying beyond their bounds, and particularly from doing mischief in the garden. He was always ready to alarm Towzer if there was any suspicious noise about the house, day or night. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help his workmen, as he would sometimes do, Fido always sat by it, and would not suffer either man or beast to touch it. By this means he came to be considered as a very trusty protector of his master's property.

His master was once confined to his bed with a dangerous illness. Fido planted himself at the chamber door, and could not be persuaded to leave it, even to take food; and as soon as his master was so far recovered as to sit up, Fido, being admitted into the room, ran up to him with such marks of excessive joy and affection, as would have melted any heart to behold. This circumstance wonderfully endeared him to his master; and some time after he had an opportunity of doing him a very important service. One hot day after dinner, his master was sleeping in a summer-house, with Fido by his side. The building was old and crazy; and the Dog, who was faithfully watching his mas-

ter, perceived the walls shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the cieling. He comprehended the danger, and began barking to awake his master; and this not sufficing, he jumped up, and gently bit his finger. The master upon this, started up, and had just time to get out of the door before the whole building fell down. Pido, who was behind, got hurt by some rubbish which fell upon him; on which his master had him taken care of with the utmost tenderness, and ever after acknowledged his obligation to this little animal, as the preserver of his life. Thus his love and fidelity had full reward.

Moral. The poorest man may repay his obligations to the richest and greatest by faithful and affectionate service—the meanest creature may obtain the favour and regard of the Creator himself, by humble gratitude, and steadfast obedience.

THE MASQUE OF NATURE.

Who is this beautiful Virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful virgin? If ye have, tell me who she is, and what is her name.

Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refresh-

ment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the chrystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of all fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned hay-makers welcome her coming; and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces of his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech tree,--let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass,--let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who is she, and what is her name.

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful grey. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who is he, and what is his name.

Who is he that cometh from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his

cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. If he were to stroke you with his cold hand you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do ye see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name.

FIFTH EVENING.

ON THE MARTIN.

Look up, my dear (said his papa to little *William*) at those bird-nests above the chamber-windows, beneath the eaves of the house. Some, you see, are but just begun,---nothing but a little clay stuck against the wall. Others are half finished; and others are quite built---close and tight---leaving nothing but a small hole for the birds to come in and go out at.

What nests are they? said *William*.

They are Martin's nests, replied his father; and there you see the owners. How busily they fly backwards and forwards, bringing clay and dirt in their bills, and laying it upon their work, forming it into shape with their bills and feet! The nests are built very strong and thick, like a mud wall, and are lined with feathers, to make a soft bed for the young. Martins are a kind of swallows. They feed on flies, gnats, and other insects; and always build in towns and villages about the houses. People do not molest them, for they do good rather than harm, and it is very amusing to view their manners and actions.

See how swiftly they skim through the air in pursuit of their prey ! In the morning they are up by day-break, and twitter about your window while you are asleep in bed ; and all day long they are upon the wing, getting food for themselves and their young. As soon as they have caught a few flies, they hasten to their nests, pop into the hole, and feed their little ones. I'll tell you a story about the great care they take of their young. A pair of Martins once built their nest in a porch ; and when they had young ones, it happened that one of them climbing up to the hole before he was fledged, fell out, and lighting upon the stones, was killed. The old birds, perceiving this accident, went and got short bits of strong straw, and stuck them with mud, like palisades, all round the hole of the nest, in order to keep the other little ones from tumbling after their poor brother.

How cunning that was ! cried William.

Yes ! said his father ; and I can tell you another story of their sagacity, and also of their disposition to help one another. A saucy cock-sparrow (you know what impudent rogues they are !) had got into a Martin's nest whilst the owner was abroad ; and when he returned, the sparrow put his head into the hole, and pecked at the Martin with open bill as he attempted to enter his own house. The poor Martin was sadly provoked at this injustice, but was unable by his own strength to right himself. So he flew away, and gathered a number of his companions, who all came with a bit of clay in their bills, with which they plastered up the hole of the nest, and kept the sparrow in prison, who died miserably for want of food and air.

He was rightly served, said William.

So he was, rejoined Papa. Well ; I have more

to say about the sagacity of these birds. In Autumn, when it begins to be cold weather, the Martins and other swallows assemble in great numbers upon the roofs of high buildings, and prepare for their departure to a warmer country; for as all the insects here die in the winter, they would have nothing to live on if they were to stay. They take several short flights in flocks, round and round, in order to try their strength; and then, on some fine calm day, they set out together for a long journey southwards, over sea and land, to a very distant country.

But how do they find their way? said William.

We say, answered his father, that they are taught by *instinct*, that is, God has implanted in their minds a desire of travelling at the season which he knows to be proper, and has also given them an impulse to take the right road. They steer their course through the wide air, directly to the proper spot. Sometimes, however, storms and contrary winds meet them, and drive the poor birds about till they are quite spent, and fall into the sea, unless they happen to meet with a ship, on which they can light and rest themselves. The swallows from this country are supposed to go as far as the middle of Africa to spend the winter, where the weather is always warm, and insects are to be met with all the year. In spring they take another long journey back again to these northern countries. Sometimes, when we have fine weather very early, a few of them come too soon; for when it changes to frost and snow again, the poor creatures are starved for want of food, or perished with the cold. Hence arises the proverb,

One Swallow does not make a summer.

But when a great many of them are come, we may be sure that winter is over, so that we are always very glad to see them again. The Martins find their way back over such a vast length of sea and land, to the very same villages and houses where they were bred. This has been discovered by catching some of them, and marking them. They repair their old nests, or build new ones, and then set about laying eggs and hatching their young. Pretty things! I hope you will never knock down their nests, or take their eggs or young ones; for as they come such a long way to visit us, and lodge in our houses without fear, we ought to use them kindly.

THE SHIP.

Charles Osborn, when at home in the holidays, had a visit from a school-fellow who was just entered as a midshipman on board a man of war. *Tom Hardy* (that was his name) was a free-hearted spirited lad, and a favourite among his companions; but he never liked his book, and had left school ignorant of almost every thing he came there to learn. What was worse, he had got a contempt for learning of all kinds, and was fond of shewing it. "What does your father mean," says he to *Charles*, "to keep you moping and studying over things of no use in the world but to plague folks?—Why can't you go into his Majesty's service, like me, and be made a gentleman of? You are old enough, and I know you are a lad of spirit." This kind of talk made some impression upon young *Osborn*. He became less attentive to the lessons his father set him, and less willing to enter into instructive conversation. This change

gave his father much concern ; but as he knew the cause, he thought it best, instead of employing direct authority, to attempt to give a new impression to his son's mind, which might counteract the effects of his companion's suggestions.

Being acquainted with an East India captain who was on the point of sailing, he went with his son to pay him a farewell visit on board his ship. They were shewn all about the vessel, and viewed all the preparations for so long a voyage. They saw her weigh anchor and unfurl her sails; and they took leave of their friend amid the shouts of the seamen and all the bustle of departure.

Charles was highly delighted with this scene; and as they were returning, could think and talk of nothing else. It was easy, therefore, for his father to lead him into the following train of discourse.

After *Charles* had been warmly expressing his admiration of the grand sight of a large ship completely fitted out and getting under sail;---I do not wonder (said his father) that you are so much struck with it:---it is, in reality, one of the finest spectacles created by human skill, and the noblest triumph of art over untaught nature. Near two thousand years ago, when Julius Cæsar came over to this island, he found the natives in possession of no other kind of vessel than a sort of canoe, formed of wicker work covered with hides, and no bigger than a man or two could carry. But the largest ship in Cæsar's fleet was not more superior to these, than the Indiaman you have been seeing is to what that was. Our savage ancestors ventured only to paddle along the rivers and coasts, or cross small arms of the sea in calm weather; and Cæsar himself would have been alarmed to

be a few days out of sight of land. But the ship we have just left is going by itself to the opposite side of the globe, prepared to encounter the tempestuous winds and mountainous waves of the vast southern ocean, and to find its way to its destined port, though many weeks must pass with nothing in view but sea and sky. Now, what do you think can be the cause of this prodigious difference in the powers of man at one period and another?----*Charles* was silent.

Is it not (said his father) that there is a great deal more knowledge in one than in the other?

To be sure it is, said *Charles*.

Father. Would it not, think you, be as impossible for any number of men, untaught, by their utmost efforts, to build and navigate such a ship as we have seen, as to fly through the air?

Charles. I suppose it would.

Fa. That we may be the more sensible of this, let us consider how many arts and professions are necessary for this purpose. Come---you shall begin to name them, and if you forget any I will put you in mind. What is the first?

Ch. The ship-carpenter, I think.

Fa. True---What does he do?

Ch. He builds the ship.

Fa. How is that done?

Ch. By fastening the planks and beams together.

Fa. But do you suppose he can do this as a common carpenter makes a box or a set of shelves?

Ch. I do not know.

Fa. Do you not think that such a vast bulk requires a good deal of contrivance to bring it into shape, and fit for all its purposes?

Ch. Yes.

Fa. Some ships, you have heard, sail quicker than others---some bear storms better---some carry more lading---some draw less water---and so on. You do not suppose all these things were left to chance!

Ch. No.

Fa. In order with certainty to produce these effects, it is necessary to study proportions very exactly, and to lay down an accurate scale by mathematical lines and figures after which to build the ship. Much has been written upon this subject, and nice calculations have been made of the resistance a ship meets with in making way through the water, and the best means of overcoming it; also, of the action of the wind on the sails, and their action in pushing on the ship by means of the masts. All these must be understood by a perfect master of ship-building.

Ch. But I think I know ship-builders who have never had an education to fit them for understanding these things.

Fa. Very likely; but they have followed by rote the rule laid down by others: and as they work merely by imitation, they cannot alter and improve as occasion may require. Then, though common merchant ships are trusted to such builders, yet in constructing men of war and Indiamen, persons of science are always employed. The French, however attend to this matter more than we do, and in consequence, their ships generally sail better than ours.

Ch. But need a captain of a ship know all these things?

Fa. It may not be absolutely necessary; yet occasions may frequently arise in which it would be of great advantage for him to be able to judge and give direction in these mat-

ters. But suppose the ship built---what comes next?

Ch. I think she must be rigged.

Fa. Well---who are employed for this purpose?

Ch. Mast-makers, rope-makers, sail-makers, and I know not how many other people.

Fa. These are all mechanical trades; and though in carrying them on much ingenuity has been applied in the invention of machines and tools, yet we will not stop to consider them. Suppose her, then rigged-- what next?

Ch. She must take in her guns and powder.

Fa. Stop there, and reflect how many arts you have now set at work. Gunpowder is one of the greatest inventions of modern times; and what has given such a superiority to civilized nations over the barbarous. An English frigate surrounded by the canoes of all the savages in the world, would easily beat them off by means of her guns; and if Cæsar were to come again to England with his fleet, a battery of cannon would sink all his ships, and set his legions swimming in the sea. But the making of gunpowder and the casting of cannon, are arts that require an exact knowledge of the science of *chemistry*.

Ch. What is that?

Fa. It comprehends the knowledge of all the properties of metals and minerals, salts, sulphur, oils, and gums, and of the action of fire and water and air upon all substances, and the mixing different things together. Gunpowder is a mixture of three things only, saltpetre or nitre, sulphur or brimstone, and charcoal. But who could have thought such a wonderful effect would have been produced by it?

Ch. Was it not first discovered by accident?

Fa. Yes---but it was by one who was making

chemical experiments, and many more experiments have been employed to bring it to perfection.

Ch. But need a captain know how to make gunpowder and cannon?

Fa. It is not necessary, though it may often be useful to him. However, it is quite necessary that he should know how to employ them. Now the sciences of gunnery and fortification depend entirely upon mathematical principles; for by these are calculated the direction of a ball through the air, the distance it will reach to, and the force with which it will strike any thing. All engineers, therefore, must be good mathematicians.

Ch. But I think I have heard of gunners being little better than the common men.

Fa. True---there is a way of doing that business, as well as many others, by mere practice; and an uneducated man may acquire skill in pointing a cannon, as well as in shooting with a common gun. But this is only in ordinary cases, and an abler head is required to direct. Well---now suppose your ship completely fitted out for sea, and the wind blowing fair; how will you navigate her?

Ch. I would spread the sails, and steer by the rudder.

Fa. Very well---but how would you find your way to the port you were bound for?

Ch. That I cannot tell.

Fa. Nor perhaps can I make you exactly comprehend it; but I can shew you enough to convince you that it is an affair that requires much knowledge, and early study. In former times when a vessel left the sight of land, it was steered by observation of the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night. The sun, you

know, rises in the east, and sets in the west; and at noon in those parts of the world, it is exactly south of us. These points, therefore, may be found out when the sun shines. The moon and stars vary; however, their place in the sky may be known by exact observation. Then, there is one star that always points to the north pole, and is therefore called the pole-star. This was of great use in navigation, and the word pole-star is often used by the poets to signify a sure guide. Do you recollect the description in Homer's *Odyssey*, when Ulysses sails away by himself from the island of Calypso---how he steers by the stars?

Ch. I think I remember the lines in Pope's translation.

Fa. Repeat them, then.

Cm. Plac'd at the helm he sat, and mark'd the skies.
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever watchful eyes;
There view'd the Pleiads, and the northern team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye:
Who shines exalted on th' ethereal plain.
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Fa. Very well---they are fine lines indeed! You see, then, how long ago sailors thought it necessary to study astronomy. But as it frequently happens, especially in stormy weather, that the stars are not to be seen, this method was subject to great uncertainty, which rendered it dangerous to undertake distant voyages. At length, near 500 years since, a property was discovered in a mineral, called the magnet or loadstone, which removed the difficulty. This was, its *polarity*, or quality of always pointing to the poles of the earth, that is, due north and south. This it can communicate to any piece of iron, so that a needle well rubbed in a particular

manner by a loadstone, and then balanced upon its centre so as to turn freely, will always point to the north. With an instrument called a mariner's compass, made of one of these needles, and a card marked with all the points, north, south, east, and west, and the divisions between these, a ship may be steered to any part of the globe.

Gh. It is a very easy matter, then.

Fa. Not quite so easy, neither. In a long voyage, cross or contrary winds blow a ship out of her direct course, so that without nice calculations, both of the straight tract she has gone, and all the deviations from it, the sailors would not know where they were nor to what point to steer. It is also frequently necessary to take observations, as they call it; that is, to observe with an instrument where the sun's place in the sky is at noon, by which they can determine the *latitude* they are in. Other observations are necessary to determine their *longitude*. What these mean, I can shew you upon the globe. It is enough now to say, that by means of both together, they can tell the exact spot they are on at any time; and then, by consulting their map, and setting their compass, they can steer right to the place they want. But all this requires a very exact knowledge of astronomy, the use of the globes, mathematics, and arithmetic, which you may suppose is not to be acquired without much study. A great number of curious instruments have been invented to assist in these operations; so that there is scarcely any matter in which so much art and science have been employed, as in navigation; and none but a very learned and civilized nation can excel in it.

Ch. But how is Tom Hardy to do; for I am pret-

ty sure he does not understand any of these things.

Fa. He must learn them, if he means to come to any thing in his profession. He may, indeed head a press-gang, or command a boat's crew, without them; but he will never be fit to take charge of a man of war, or even a merchant ship.

Ch. However, he need not learn Latin and Greek.

Fa. I cannot say, indeed, that a sailor has occasion for those languages; but a knowledge of Latin makes it much easier to acquire all modern languages; and I hope you do not think them unnecessary to him.

Ch. I did not know they were of much importance.

Fa. No! Do you think that one who may probably visit most countries in Europe and their foreign settlements, should be able to converse in no other language than his own? If the knowledge of languages is not useful to *him*, I know not to whom it is so. He can hardly do at all without knowing some; and the more the better.

Ch. Poor Tom! then I doubt he has not chosen as well as he thinks.

Fa. I doubt so, too.

Here ended the conversation. They soon after reached home, and Charles did not forget to desire his father to shew him on the globe what longitude and latitude meant.

T H I N G S

BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

Charles. PAPA, you grow very lazy. Last winter you used to tell us stories, and now you never tell us any; and we are all got round the fire quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear Papa, let us have a pretty one.

Father. With all my heart--what shall it be?

C. A bloody murder, papa!

F. A bloody murder! Well then---Once upon a time, some men dressed all alike.

C. With black crapes over their faces.

F. No; they had steel caps on:---having crossed a dark heath, wound cautiously along the skirts of a deep forest

C. They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

F. I cannot say so; on the contrary, they were tall personable men as most one shall see: leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill

C. At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve, was it not, papa?

F. No, really; it was on a fine balmy summer's morning:---and moved forwards, one behind another

C. As still as death, creeping along under the hedges.

F. On the contrary --they walked remarkably upright; and so far from endeavouring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came along, with several sorts of instruments.

C. But, papa, they would be found out immediately.

F. They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves; on the contrary, they gloried in what they were about.---They moved forwards, I say, to a large plain, where stood a neat pretty village which they set on fire

C. Set a village on fire? wicked wretches!

F. And while it was burning, they murdered ---twenty thousand men.

C. O fie! papa! You do not intend I should believe this! I thought all along you were mak-

ing up a tale, as you often do; but you shall not catch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats!

F. No, truly—they resisted as long as they could.

C. How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?

F. Why not? the *murderers* were thirty thousand.

C. O, now I have found you out! You mean a **BATTLE**.

F. Indeed I do. I do not know of any *murders* half so bloody.

SIXTH EVENING.

THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF INDUR.

AT the time when Faries and Genii possessed the powers which they have now lost, there lived in the country of the Brachmans a man named *Indur*, who was distinguished, not only for that gentleness of disposition and humanity towards all living creatures, which are so much cultivated among those people, but for an insatiable curiosity respecting the nature and way of life of all animals. In pursuit of knowledge of this kind he would frequently spend the night among lonely rocks, or in the midst of thick forests; and there, under shelter of a hanging cliff, or mounted upon a high tree, he would watch the motions and actions of all the animals that seek their prey in the night; and remaining in the same spot till the break of day, he would observe this tribe of creatures retiring to their dens, and all others coming forth to enjoy the beams of the rising sun. On these occasions, if he saw any opportunity of exercising his benevolence towards animals in distress, he never

failed to make use of it; and many times rescued the small birds from the pitiless hawk, and the lamb or kid from the gripe of the wolf and lynx. One day, as he was sitting on a tree in the forest, a little frolicksome monkey, in taking a great leap from one bow to another, chanced to miss his hold, and fell from a great height to the ground.

As he lay there unable to move, *Indur* espied a large venomous serpent advancing to make the poor defenceless creature his prey. He immediately descended from his post, and taking the little monkey in his arms, ran with it to the tree, and gently placed it upon a bough. In the mean time, the enraged serpent pursuing him, overtook him before he could mount the tree, and bit him in the leg. Presently, the limb began to swell, and the effects of the venom became visible over *Indur's* whole frame. He grew faint, sick, and pale; and sinking on the ground, was sensible that his last moments were fast approaching. As thus he lay, he was surprised to hear a human voice from the tree; and looking up, he beheld, on the bough where he had placed the monkey, a beautiful woman, who thus addressed him:—" *Indur*, I am truly grieved, that thy kindness to me should have been the cause of thy destruction. Know, that in the form of the poor monkey, it was the potent fairy *Perezinda* to whom thou gavest succour. Obligated to pass a certain number of days every year under the shape of an animal, I had chosen this form; and though not mortal, I should have suffered extreme agonies from the bite of the serpent, hadst thou not so humanely assisted me. It is not in my power to prevent the fatal effect of the poison; but I am able to grant thee any wish thou shalt form respecting

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the future state of existence to which thou art now hastening. Speak, then, before it be too late, and let me show my gratitude."—"Great Perezinda!" replied *Indur*, "Since you deign so bounteously to return my service, this is the request that I make: In all my transmigrations may I retain a rational soul, with the memory of the adventures I have gone through; and when death sets me free from one body, may I instantly animate another in the prime of its powers and faculties, without passing through the helpless state of infancy."—"It is granted," answered the Fairy; and immediately breaking a small branch from the tree, and breathing on it, she threw it down to *Indur*, and bid him hold it fast in his hand. He did so, and presently expired.

Instantly, he found himself in a green valley by the side of a clear stream, grazing amid a herd of *Antelopes*. He admired his elegant shape, sleek spotted skin, and polished spiral horns; and drank with delight of the cool rivulet, cropt the juicy herb, and sported with his companions. Soon, an alarm was spread of the approach of an enemy; and they all set off with the swiftness of the wind to the neighbouring immense plains, where they were soon out of the reach of injury. *Indur* was highly delighted with the ease and rapidity of his motions; and snuffing the keen air of the desert, bounded away, scarcely deigning to touch the ground with his feet. This way of life went on very pleasantly for some time, till at length the herd was one morning alarmed with noises of trumpets, drums, and loud shouts, on every side. They started, and ran first to the right, then to the left, but were continually driven back by the surrounding crowd, which now appeared

to be a whole army of hunters, with the king of the country and all his nobles, assembled on a solemn chace, after the manner of the eastern people. And now the circle began to close, and numbers of affrighted animals of various kinds thronged together in the centre, keeping as far as possible from the dangers that approached them from all quarters. The huntsmen were now come near enough to reach their game with their arrows; and the prince and his lords shot at them as they passed and repassed, killing and wounding great numbers. *Indur* and his surviving companions seeing no other means of escape, resolved to make a bold push towards that part of the ring which was the most weakly guarded; and though many perished in the attempt, yet a few, leaping over the heads of the people, got clear away; and *Indur* was among the number. But whilst he was scouring over the plain, rejoicing in his good fortune and conduct, an enemy swifter than himself overtook him. This was a falcon, who, let loose by one of the huntsmen, dashed like lightning after the fugitives; and alighting upon the head of *Indur* began to tear his eyes with his beak; and flap his wings over his face. *Indur*, terrified and blinded, knew not which way he went; and instead of proceeding straight forwards, turned round and came again towards the hunters. One of these, riding full speed with a javelin in his hand, came up to him, and ran the weapon in his side. He fell down, and with repeated wounds was soon dispatched.

When the struggle of death was over, *Indur* was equally surprised and pleased on finding himself soaring high in the air, as one of a flight of *Wild Geese*, in their annual migration to breed in the arctic regions. With vast delight he

sprung forward on easy wing through the immense fields of air, and surveyed beneath him extensive tracts of earth, perpetually varying with plains, mountains, rivers, lakes and woods. At the approach of night, the flock lighted on the ground, and fed on the green corn or grass; and at day-break they were again on wing, arranged in a regular wedge-like body, with an experienced leader at their head. Thus for many days they continued their journey, passing over countries inhabited by various nations, till at length they arrived in the remotest part of Lapland, and settled in a wide marshy lake, filled with numerous reedy islands, and surrounded on all sides with dark forests of pine and birch. Here, in perfect security from man and hurtful animals, they followed the great business of breeding and providing for their young, living plentifully upon the insects and aquatic reptiles that abounded in this sheltered spot. *Indur* with great pleasure exercised his various powers, of swimming, diving, and flying; sailing round the islands, penetrating into every creek and bay, and visiting the deepest recesses of the woods. He surveyed with astonishment the sun, instead of rising and setting, making a complete circle in the heavens, and cheering the earth with a perpetual day. Here he met with innumerable tribes of kindred birds, varying in size, plumage and voice, but all passing their time in a similar manner, and furnished with the same powers for providing food, safe retreat for themselves and their young. The whole lake was covered with parties fishing or sporting, and resounded with their loud cries; while the islands were filled with their nests, and new broods of young were continually coming forth, and launching upon the surface

of the waters. One day, *Indur's* curiosity having led him at a distance from his companions to the woody border of the lake, he was near paying dear for his heedlessness; for a fox, that lay in wait among the bushes, sprung upon him, and it was with the utmost difficulty that by a strong exertion he broke from his hold, not without the loss of some feathers.

Summer now drawing to an end, the vast congregation of water-fowl began to break up; and large bodies of them daily took their way southwards, to pass the winter in climates where the waters are never so frozen as to become uninhabitable by the feathered race. The wild-geese to whom *Indur* belonged, proceeded with their young ones by long daily journies across Sweden, the Baltic sea, Poland, and Turkey, to Lesser Asia, and finished their journey at the celebrated plains on the banks of the *Cayster*, a noted resort for their species ever since the age of *Homer*, who in some very beautiful verses has described the manners and actions of the various tribes of aquatic birds in that favourite spot. Here they soon recruited from the fatigue of their march, and enjoyed themselves in the delicious climate till winter. This season, though here extremely mild, yet making the means of sustenance somewhat scarce they were obliged to make foraging excursions to the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood. Having committed great depredations upon a field of young wheat, the owner spread a net

Not less their number than th' embodied cranes,

Or milk swam on Asia's watry plains,

That o'er the windings of *Cayster's* springs,

Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,

Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy rounds;

Now light with noise; with poise the field resounds.

See to the right the light of *Pera's* *Homer*.

on the ground, in which *Indur*, with several of his companions, had the misfortune to be caught. No mercy was shewn them, but as they were taken out one by one, their necks were all broken.

Indur was not immediately sensible of the next change he underwent, which was into a *Dormouse*, fast asleep in his hole at the foot of a bush. As it was in a country where the winters are pretty severe, he did not wake for some weeks; when a thaw having taken place, and the sun beginning to warm the earth, he unrolled himself one day, stretched, opened his eyes, and not being able to make out where he was, he roused a female companion whom he found by his side. When she was sufficiently awakened, and they both began to feel hungry, she led the way to a magazine of nuts and acorns, where they made a comfortable meal, and soon fell asleep again. This nap having lasted a few days, they awaked a second time, and having eaten, they ventured to crawl to the mouth of their hole, where, pulling away some withered grass and leaves, they peeped out in the open air. After taking a turn or two in the sun, they grew chill, and went down again, stopping up the entrance after them. The cold weather returning, they took another long nap, till at length, spring being fairly set in, they roused in earnest, and began to make daily excursions abroad. Their winter stock of provisions being now exhausted, they were for some time reduced to great straits, and obliged to dig for roots and pig-nuts. Their fare was mended as the season advanced, and they made a nest near the bottom of a tree, where they brought up a young family. They never ranged far from home, nor ascended the higher branches of the

tree, and passed great part of their time in sleep, even during the midst of summer. When autumn came, they were busily employed in collecting the nuts, acorns, and other dry fruits that fell from the trees, and laying them up in their store-house under ground. One day, as *Indur* was closely engaged in this occupation, at some distance from his dwelling, he was seized by a wild cat, who after tormenting him for a time, gave him a gripe, and put him out of his pain.

From one of the smallest and most defenceless of animals, *Indur* found himself instantly changed into a majestic *Elephant* in a lofty forest of the isle of Ceylon. Elated with this wonderful advancement in the scale of creation, he stalked along with conscious dignity and surveyed with pleasing wonder his own form and that of his companions, together with the rich scenery of the ever-verdant woods, which perfumed the air with their spicy odour, and lifted their tall heads to the clouds. Here, fearing no injury, and not desiring to do any, the gigantic herd roamed at large, feeding on the green branches which they tore down with their trunks, bathing in deep rivers during the heat of the day, and reposing in the depths of the forests, reclined against the massy trunks of trees by night. It was long before *Indur* met with any adventure that could lead him to doubt his security. But one day, having penetrated into a close entangled thicket, he espied, lurking under the thick covert, a grim tyger, whose eyes flashed rage and fury. Though the tyger was one of the largest of his species, yet his bulk was trifling compared to that of an elephant, a single foot of which seemed sufficient to crush him; yet the fierceness and cruelty of his looks, his angry growl, and

grinning teeth, struck some terror into *Indur*. There was little time, however, for reflection; for when *Indur* had advanced a single step, the tyger set up a roar, sprung to meet him, attempting to seize his lifted trunk. *Indur* was dexterous enough to receive him upon one of his tusks, and exerting all his strength, threw the tyger to a great distance. He was somewhat stunned by the fall, but recovering, renewed the assault with redoubled fury. *Indur* again, and a third time, threw him off; after which the tyger turning about, bounded away into the midst of the thicket. *Indur* drew back, and rejoined his companions, with some abatement in the confidence he had placed in his size and strength, which had not prevented him from undergoing so dangerous an attack.

Soon after, he joined the rest of the herd in an expedition beyond the bounds of the forest, to make depredations on some fields of maize. They committed great havock, devouring part, but tearing up and trampling down much more; when the inhabitants taking the alarm assembled in great numbers, and with fierce shouts and flaming brands drove them back to the woods. Not contented with this, they were resolved to make them pay for the mischief they had done by taking some prisoners. For this purpose, they enclosed a large space among the trees with strong posts and stakes, bringing it into a narrower and narrower compass, and ending at last in a passage only capable of admitting one elephant at a time. This was divided by strong cross-bars which would lift up and down, into several apartments. They then sent out some tame female elephants, bred to the business, who approaching the herd of wild ones, inveigled the males to follow them towards the in-

closures. *Indur* was among the first that was decoyed by their artifices; and with some others following heedlessly, he got into the narrowest part of the inclosure, opposite to the passage. Here they stood awhile, doubting whether they should go further. But the females leading the way, and uttering the cry of invitation, they ventured at length to follow. When a sufficient number was in the passage, the bars were let down by men placed for the purpose, and the elephants were fairly caught in a trap. As soon as they were sensible of their situation, they fell into a fit of rage, and with all their efforts endeavoured to break through. But the hunters, throwing nooses over them, bound them fast with strong ropes and chains to the posts on each side, and thus kept them without food or sleep for three days; when, being exhausted with hunger and fatigue, they gave signs of sufficient tameness. They were now let out one by one, and bound each of them to two large elephants with riders on their backs, and thus without resistance were led away close prisoners. They were then put into separate stables, and by proper discipline were presently rendered quite tame and gentle.

Not long after, *Indur*, with five more, was sent over from Ceylon to the continent of India, and sold to one of the princes of the country. He was now trained to all the services elephants are there employed in; which were, to carry persons on his back in a kind of a sedan or litter, to draw cannon, ships, and other great weights, to kneel and rise at command, make obeisance to his lord, and perform all the motions and attitudes he was ordered. Thus he lived a long time, well fed and caressed, clothed in costly trappings on days of ceremony, and

contributing to the pomp of eastern royalty. At length a war broke out, and *Indur* came to be employed in a different scene. After proper training, he was marched, with a number of his fellows, into the field, bearing on his back a small wooden tower, in which were placed some soldiers with a small field piece. They soon came in sight of the enemy, and both sides were drawn up for battle. *Indur* and the rest were urged forwards by their leaders, wondering at the same time at the scene in which they were engaged, so contrary to their nature and manners. Presently all was involved in smoke and fire. The elephants advancing, soon put to flight those who were drawn up before them; but their career was stopped by a battery of cannon, which played furiously against them. Their vast bodies offered a fair mark to the balls, which presently struck down some, and wounded others. *Indur* received a shot on one of his tusks, which broke it, and put him to such pain and affright, that turning about, he ran with all speed over the plain; and falling in with a body of their own infantry, he burst through, trampling down whole ranks, and filling them with terror and confusion. His leader having now lost all command over him, and finding him hurtful only to his own party, applied the sharp instrument he carried, to the nape of his neck, and driving it in with all his force pierced his spinal marrow, so that he fell lifeless to the ground.

In the next stage of his existence, *Indur* to his great surprise found even the vast bulk of the elephant prodigiously exceeded; for he was now a *Whale* of the largest species, rolling in the midst of the arctic seas. As he darted along, the lash of his tail made whirlpools in the migh-

ty deep. When he opened his immense jaws, he drew in a flood of brine, which, on rising to the surface, he spouted out again in a rushing fountain that rose high in the air with the noise of a mighty cataract. All the other inhabitants of the ocean seemed as nothing to him. He swallowed, almost without knowing it, whole shoals of the smaller kinds; and the larger swiftly turned aside at his approach. "Now," he cried to himself, "whatever other evils may await me, I am certainly secure from the molestations of other animals; for what is the creature that can dare to cope with me, or measure his strength with mine?" Having said this, he saw swimming near him a fish not a quarter of his length, armed with a dreadful row of teeth. This was a grampus, which directly flying upon *Indur*, fastened on him, and made his great teeth meet in his flesh. *Indur* roared with pain, and lashed the sea till it was all in a foam; but but could neither reach nor shake off his cruel foe. He rolled over and over, rose and sunk, and exerted all his boasted strength; but to no purpose. At length the grampus quitted his hold, and left him not a little mortified with the adventure. This was, however, forgotten, and *Indur* received pleasure from his new situation, as he roamed through the boundless fields of ocean, now diving to its very bottom, now shooting swiftly to the surface, and sporting with his companions in unwieldy gambols. Having chosen a mate, he took his course with her southwards, and in due time brought up two young ones, of whom he was extremely fond. The summer season being arrived, he more frequently than usual rose to the surface, and basking in the sun-beams, floated unmoved with a large part of his huge body above the waves.

As he was thus one day enjoying a profound sleep, he was awakened by a sharp instrument penetrating deep into his back. Instantly he sprang away with the swiftness of lightning, and feeling the weapon still sticking, he dived into the recesses of the deep, and staid there till want of air obliged him to steer to the surface. Here another harpoon was plunged into him; the smart of which again made him fly from his unseen foes; but after a shorter course, he was again compelled to rise, much weakened by the loss of blood, which gushing in a torrent, tinged the waters as he passed. Another wound was inflicted, which soon brought him almost lifeless to the surface; and the line fastened to the first harpoon being now pulled in, this enormous creature was brought, an unresisting prey to the side of a ship, where he was soon quite dispatched, and then cut to pieces.

The soul of this huge carcase had next a much narrower lodging, for *Indur* was changed into a *Bee*, which, with a great multitude of its young companions, was on flight in search of a new settlement, their parents having driven them out of the hive, which was unable to contain them all. After a rambling excursion, the queen, by whom all their motions were directed, settled on the branch of a lofty tree. They all immediately clustered round her, and soon formed a large black bunch, depending from the bough. A man presently planting a ladder ascended with a bee-hive, and swept them in. After they were quietly settled in their new habitation, they were placed on a stand in the garden along with some other colonies, and left to begin their labours. Every fine morning, as soon as the sun was up, the greatest part of them sallied forth, and roamed over the garden

and the neighbouring fields in search of fresh and fragrant flowers. They first collected a quantity of gluey matter, with which they lined all the inside of their house. Then they brought wax, and began to make their cells, building them with the utmost regularity, though it was their first attempt, and they had no teacher. As fast as they were built, some were filled with liquid honey gathered from the nectaries of flowers; and as they filled the cells, they sealed them up with a thin covering of wax. In other cells, the queen bee deposited her eggs, which were to supply a new progeny for the ensuing year. Nothing could be a more pleasing sight, than to behold on a sunshiny day the insects continually going forth to their labour, while others were as constantly arriving at the mouth of the hole, either with yellow balls of wax under their thighs, or full of the honey they had drawn in with their trunks, for the purpose of spouting it out into the cells of the honey-comb. *Indur* felt much delight in this useful and active way of life, and was always one of the first abroad at the dawn, and latest home in the evening. On rainy and foggy days they staid at home, and employed themselves in finishing their cells, and all the necessary work within doors; and *Indur*, though endued with human reason, could not but admire the readiness with which he and the rest formed the most regular plans of work, all corresponding in design and execution, guided by instinct alone.

The end of autumn now approaching, the bees had filled their combs with honey; and nothing more being to be got abroad, they staid within doors, passing most of their time in sleep. They eat a little of their store, but with great frugality; and all their meals were made

In public, none daring to make free with the common stock by himself. The owner of the hives now came and took them one by one into his hands, that he might judge by the weight whether or no they were full of honey. That in which *Indur* was proved to be one of the heaviest; and it was therefore resolved to take the contents. For this purpose, one cold night, when the bees were all fast asleep, the hive was placed over a hole in the ground, in which were put brimstone matches set on fire. The fumes rose into the hive, and soon suffocated great part of the bees, and stupified the rest, so that they all fell from the combs. *Indur* was amongst the dead.

He soon revived in the form of a young *Rabbit* in a spacious warren. This was like a populous town; being every where hollowed by burrows running deep under ground, and each inhabited by one or more families. In the evening, the warren was covered with a vast number of rabbits, old and young, some feeding, others trifling about, and pursuing one another in wanton sport. At the least alarm, they all hurried into the holes nearest them; and were in an instant safe from enemies, who either could not follow them at all, or if they did, were foiled in the chase by the numerous ways and turnings in the earth, communicated with each other, so as to afford easy means of escape. *Indur* delighted much in this secure and social life; and taking a mate, was soon the father of a numerous offspring. Several of the little ones, however, not being sufficiently careful, fell a prey either to hawks and crows continually hovering over the warren, or to cats, foxes, and other wild quadrupeds, who used every art to catch them at a distance from their holes. *In-*

dur himself ran several hazards. He was once very near being caught by a little dog trained for the purpose, who kept playing round for a considerable time, not seeming to attend to the rabbits, till having got near, he all at once darted into the midst of them. Another time he received some shot from a sportsman who lay on the watch behind a hedge adjoining the warren.

The number of rabbits here was so great, that a hard winter coming on, which killed most of the vegetables, or buried them deep under the snow, they were reduced to great straits, and many were famished to death. Some turnips and hay, however, which were laid for them, preserved the greater part. The approach of spring renewed their sport and pleasure; and *Indur* was made the father of another family. One night, however, was fatal to them all. As they were sleeping, they were alarmed by the attack of a ferret; and running with great speed to the mouth of their burrow to escape it, they were all caught in nets placed over the holes. *Indur* with the rest was dispatched by a blow on the back of the neck, and his body was sent to the nearest market town.

His next change was into a young *Mastiff*, brought up in a farm yard. Having nearly acquired his full size, he was sent as a present to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who wanted a faithful guard for his house and grounds. *Indur* presently attached himself to his master and all his family, and shewed every mark of a noble and generous nature. Though fierce as a lion whenever he thought the persons or properties of his friends invaded, he was as gentle as a lamb at other times, and would patiently suffer any kind of freedoms from those he loved.

He permitted the children of the house to lug him about, ride on his back, and used him as roughly as their little hands were capable of; never, even when hurt, shewing his displeasure further than by a low growl. He was extremely indulgent to all the other animals of his species in the yard; and when abroad, would treat the impertinent barking of little dogs with silent contempt. Once, indeed, being provoked beyond bearing, not only by the noise, but by the snaps, of a malicious whelp; he suddenly seized him in his open mouth; but when the bystanders thought that the poor cur was going instantly to be devoured, they were equally diverted and pleased at seeing *Indur* go to the side of a muddy ditch, and drop his antagonist unhurt into the middle of it.

He had, however, more serious conflicts frequently to sustain. He was accustomed to attend the servant on market days to the neighbouring town; when it was his office to guard the provision cart, while the man was making his purchases in the shops. On these occasions, the boldest dogs in the street would sometimes make an onset in a body; and while some of them were engaging *Indur*, others would be mounting the cart, and pulling down the meat baskets. *Indur* had much ado to defend himself and the baggage too; however, he never failed to make some of the assailants pay dearly for their impudence; and by his loud barking, he summoned his human fellow servant to his assistance, in time to prevent their depredations.

At length his courage was exerted on the most important service to which it could be applied. His master, returning home late one evening, was attacked near his own house by three armed ruffians. *Indur* heard his voice

calling for help, and instantly flew to his relief. He seized one of the villains by the throat, brought him to the ground, and presently disabled him. The master, in the mean time, was keeping off the other two with a large stick; but had received several wounds with a cutlass; and one of them had presented a pistol, and was just on the point of firing. At this moment *Indur*, leaving his vanquished foe on the ground, rushed forward, and seizing the man's arm, made him drop the pistol. The master took it up; on which the other robber fled. He now advanced to him with whom *Indur* was engaged, and fired the pistol at him. The ball broke the man's arm, and from thence entered the body of *Indur*, and mortally wounded him. He fell, but had the satisfaction of seeing his master remain lord of the field; and the servants now coming up, made prisoners of the two hundred robbers. The master threw himself by the side of *Indur*, and expressed the warmest concern at the accident which had made him the cause of the death of the faithful animal that had preserved his life. *Indur* died, licking his hand.

So generous a nature was now no longer to be annexed to a brutal form. *Indur* awaking as it were from a trance, found himself again in the happy region he had formerly inhabited, and recommenced the life of a Brachman. He cherished the memory of his transmigrations, and handed them down to posterity, in a relation from whence the preceding account has been extracted for the amusement of my young readers.

SEVENTH EVENING.

THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

A DRAMA.

Scene—A scattered Village, almost hidden with trees.

Enter HARFORD and BEAUMONT.

Harford. THERE is the place. This is the green on which I played many a day with my companions; there are the tall trees that I have so often climbed for birds' nests; and that is the pond where I used to sail my walnut-shell boats. What a crowd of mixed sensations rush on my mind! What pleasure, and what regret! Yes, there is somewhat in our native soil that affects the mind in a manner different from every other scene in nature.

Beaumont. With you it must be merely the place; for I think you can have no attachments of friendship or affection in it, considering your long absence, and the removal of all your family.

Harf. No, I have no family connexions, and indeed can scarcely be said ever to have had any; for as you know, I was almost utterly neglected after the death of my father and mother, and while all my elder brothers and sisters were dispersed to one part or another, and the little remaining property was disposed of, I was left with the poor people who nursed me, to be brought up just as they thought proper; and the little pension that was paid for me entirely ceased after a few years.

Beau. Then how were you afterwards supported?

Harf. The honest couple who had the care of me continued to treat me with the greatest kindness; and poor as they were, not only maintained me as a child of their own, but did all in their

power to procure me advantages more suited to my birth, than my deserted situation. With the assistance of the worthy clergyman of the parish, they put me to a day-school in the village, clothed me decently, and being themselves sober religious persons, took care to keep me from vice. The obligations I am under to them will, I hope, never be effaced from my memory, and it is on their account alone that I have undertaken this journey.

Bea. How long did you continue with them?

Harf. Until I was thirteen. I then felt an irresistible desire to fight for my country; and learning by accident, that a distant relation of our family was a captain of a man of war, I took leave of my worthy benefactors, and set off to the sea-port where he lay, the good people furnishing me in the best manner they were able with necessaries for the journey. I shall never forget the tenderness with which they parted with me. It was, if possible, beyond that of the kindest parents. You know my subsequent adventures, from the time of my becoming a midshipman, to my present state of first lieutenant in the Britannia. Though it is now fifteen years since my departure, I feel my affection for these good folks stronger than ever, and could not be easy without taking the first opportunity of seeing them.

Beaum. It is a great chance if they are both living.

Harf. I happened to hear by a young man of the village, not long since, that they were; but I believe much reduced in their circumstances.

Beaum. Whereabouts did they live?

Harf. Just at the turning of this corner. But what's this?---I can't find the house---Yet I am sure I have not forgot the situation. Sure-

ly it must be pulled down! Oh! my dear old friends, what can have become of you?

Beaum. You had best ask that little girl.

Harf. Hark ye, my dear! do you know one John Beech of this place!

Girl. What old John Beech? Oh yes, very well, and Mary Beech too.

Harf. Where do they live?

Girl. A little farther on in the lane.

Harf. Did not they once live hereabouts?

Girl. Yes, till farmer Tything pulled the house down to make his hop-garden.

Harf. Come with me to shew me the place, and I'll give you a penny.

Girl. Yes, that I will. (*They walk on.*) There---that low thatched house--and there's Mary spinning at the door.

Harf. There, my dear, (*gives money and the girl goes away.*) How my heart beats!--Surely that cannot be my nurse! Yes, I recollect her now; but how very old and sickly she looks.

Bea. Fifteen years in her life, with care and hardship, must go a great way in breaking her down.

Harf. (*Going to the cottage door.*) Good morning, good woman; can you give my companion and me something to drink? We are very thirsty with walking this hot day.

Mary Beech. I have nothing better than water, Sir; but if you please to accept of that, I will bring you some.

Beaum. Thank you---we will trouble you for some.

Mary. Will you please to walk in out of the sun, gentlemen; ours is a very poor house indeed; but I will find you a seat to sit down on, while I draw the water.

Harf. (*to Beaumont*) The same good creature as ever! let us go in.

Scene II.—The Inside of the Cottage. An old Man sitting by the Hearth.

Beaum. We have made bold, friend, to trouble your wife for a little water.

John Beech. Sit down---sit down---gentlemen. I would get up to give you my chair, but I have the misfortune to be lame, and almost blind too.

Harf. Lame and blind? Oh! Beaumont (*aside.*)

John. Ay, Sir, old age will come on; and, God knows, we have very little means to fence against it.

Beaum. What, have you nothing but your labour to subsist on?

John. We made that do, Sir, as long as we could; but now I am hardly capable of doing any thing, and my poor wife can earn very little by spinning, so we have been forced at last to apply to the parish.

Harf. To the parish! well, I hope they consider the services of your better days, and provide for you comfortably.

John. Alas, sir! I am not much given to complain; but what can a shilling a week do in these hard times?

Harf. Little enough, indeed! And is that all they allow you?

John. It is, Sir! and we are not to have that much longer, for they say we must come into the workhouse.

Mary. (*entering with the water.*) Here, gentlemen. The jug is clean, if you can drink out of it.

Harf. The workhouse, do you say?

Mary. Yes, gentlemen---that makes my poor husband so uneasy---that we should come in our old days to die in a workhouse. We have



lived better, I assure you---but we were turned out of our little farm by the great farmer near the church; and since that time we have been growing poorer and poorer, and weaker and weaker, so that we have nothing to help ourselves with.

John. (sobbing.) To die in a parish work-house---I can hardly bear the thoughts of it---But God knows best, and we must submit.

Harf. But, my good people, have you no children or friends to assist you?

John. Our children, Sir, are all dead, except one that is settled a long way off, and as poor as we are.

Beaum. But surely, my friends, such decent people as you seem to be, must have somebody to protect you.

Mary. No, Sir---we know nobody but our neighbours, and they think the work-house good enough for the poor.

Harf. Pray, was there not a family of Harfords once in this village?

John. Yes, Sir, a long while ago---but they are all dead and gone, or else far enough from this place.

Mary. Ay, Sir, the youngest of them, and the finest child among them, that I'll say for him, was nursed in our house, when we lived in the old spot near the green. He was with us till he was thirteen, and a sweet behaved boy he was---I loved him as well as ever I did any of my own children.

Harf. What became of him?

John. Why, Sir, he was a fine bold spirited boy, though the best tempered creature in the world---so last war he would be a sailor, and fight the French and Spaniards; and away he

went, nothing could stop him, and we have never heard a word of him since.

Mary. Ay, he is dead or killed, I warrant--- for if he was alive and in England, I am sure nothing would keep him from coming to see his poor daddy and mammy, as he used to call us. Many a night have I lain awake thinking of him!

Harf. (to Beaum.) I can hold no longer.

Beaum. (to him.) Restrain yourself awhile--- Well, my friends, in return for your kindness, I will tell you some news that will please you. This same Harford, Edward Harford

Mary. Ay, that was his name---my dear Ned!---What of him, Sir? Is he living?

John. Let the gentleman speak, my dear.

Beaum. Ned Harford is now alive and well, and a lieutenant in his majesty's navy, and as brave an Officer as any in the service.

John. I hope you don't jest with us, Sir.

Beaum. I do not, upon my honour.

Mary. O thank God---thank God---If I could but see him!

John. Ay, I wish for nothing more before I die.

Harf. Here he is-- here he is---My dearest best benefactors! Here I am, to pay some of the great debt of kindness I owe you. (*Clasps Mary round the neck, and kisses her.*)

Mary. What--this gentleman my Ned! Ay, it is, it is---I see it, I see it.

John. O my old eyes!---but I know his voice now. (*Stretches out his hand, which Harford grasps.*)

Harf. My good old man! O that you could see me, as clearly as I do you!

John. Enough---enough --it is you, and I am contented.

Mary. O happy day! O happy day!

Harf. Did you think I could ever forget you?

John. O no---I knew you better---but what a long while it is since we parted !

Mary. Fifteen years come Whitsuntide.

Harf. The first time I set foot in England all this long interval was three weeks ago.

John. How good you were to come to us so soon.

Mary. What a tall strong man you are grown ! but you have the same sweet smile as ever.

John. I wish I could see him plain---but what signifies ! he's here, and I hold him by the hand. Where's the other good gentleman ?

Beaum. Here---very happy to see such worthy people made so.

Harf. He has been my dearest friend for a great many years, and I am beholden to him almost as much as to you two.

Mary. Has he ? God bless him and reward him !

Harf. I am grieved to think what you must have suffered from hardship and poverty --But that is all at an end---no workhouse now !

John. God bless you ! then I shall be happy still. But we must not be burthensome to you.

Harf. Don't talk of that--as long as I have a shilling, it is my duty to give you sixpence of it. Did not you take care of me when all the world forsook me---and treated me as your own child when I had no other parent---and shall I ever forsake you in your old age ! Oh never---never !

Mary. Ah, you had always a kind heart of your own. I always used to think our dear Ned would some time or other prove a blessing to us.

Harf. You must leave this poor hut, that is not fit to keep out the weather, and we must

get you a snug cottage, either in this village or some other.

John. Pray, my dear Sir, let us die in this town, as we have always lived in it. And as to a house, I believe that where old Richard Carpenter used to live is empty, if it would not be too good for us.

Harf. What, the white cottage on the green? I remember it--it is just the thing. You shall remove there this very week.

Mary. This is beyond all my hopes and wishes!

Harf. There you shall have a little close to keep a cow---and a girl to milk her, and take care of you both:---and a garden well stocked with herbs and roots---and a little yard for pigs and poultry---and some good new furniture for your house

John. O too much---too much!

Mary. What makes me cry so, when so many good things are coming to us?

Harf. Who is the landlord of that house?

John. Our next neighbour, Mr. Wheatfield.

Harf. I'll go and speak about it directly, and then come to you again. Come, Beaumont. God bless you both!

John. God in heaven bless you!

Mary. O happy day---O happy day.

THE SWALLOW AND TORTOISE.

A TORTOISE in a garden's bound,
An ancient inmate of the place,
Had left his winter-quarters under ground,
And with a sober pace,
Was crawling o'er a sunny bed,
And thrusting from his shell his pretty toad-like head.

Just come from sea, a SWALLOW;
As to and fro he nimbly flew,

Beat our old racer hollow :
At length he stopt dir & in view,
And said, " Acquaintance brisk and gay,
How have you fared this many a day ?"

" Thank you !" (replied the close house-keeper)
" Since you and I last autumn parted,
I've been a precious sleeper,
And never stirred nor started,
But in my hole I lay as snug,
As fleas within a rug ;
Nor did I put my head abroad
Till all the snow and ice was thaw'd."

" But I" (rejoined the bird)
" Who love cold weather just as well as you,
Soon as the warning blasts I heard,
Away I flew,
And mounting in the wind,
Left gloomy winter far behind.
Directed by the mid-day sun,
O'er sea and land my vent'rous course I steer'd.
Nor was my distant journey done,
Till Afric's verdant coast appear'd.
There, all the season long,
I chas'd gay butterflies and gnats,
And gave my negro friends a morning song,
And hous'd at night among the bats.
Then, at the call of spring,
I northward turn'd my wing,
And here again her joyous message bring."

" Lord ! what a deal of needless ranging ;"
(Return'd the reptile grave)
" For ever hurrying, buttling, changing,
As if it were your life to save !
Why need you visit foreign nations ?
Rather like me, and some of your relations.
Take out a pleasant half year's nap,
Secure from trouble and mishap."

" A pleasant nap, indeed !" (replied the Swallow)
" When I can neither see nor fly,
The bright example I may follow ;
Till then, in truth not I !
I measure time by its employment,
And only value life for life's enjoyment.
As good be buried all at once,
As doze out half one's days, like you, you stupid dunce !"

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE.

" I THINK I will take a ride"----said the little *Lord Linger*, after breakfast---" bring me my boots, and let my horse be brought to the door ?

The horse was saddled, and his lordship's spurs were putting on.

" No"---said he---" I'll have my low chair and the ponies, and take a drive round the park."

The horse was led back, and the ponies were almost harnessed, when his lordship sent his valet to countermand them. He would walk into the corn field, and see how the new pointer hunted.

" After all"---says he---" I think I will stay at home, and play a game or two at billiards."

He played half a game, but could not make a stroke to please himself. His tutor, who was present, now thought it a good opportunity to ask his lordship if he would read a little.

" Why---I think---I will---for I am tired of doing nothing. What shall we have?"

" Your lordship left off last time in one of the finest passages in the *Æneid*. Suppose we finish it."

" Well---ay! But -- no---I had rather go on with Hume's history. Or---suppose we do some geography?"

" With all my heart. The globes are upon the study table."

They went to the study; and the little lord, leaning upon his elbows, looked at the globe--- then twirled it round two or three times---and then listened patiently while the tutor explained some of its parts and uses. But whilst he was in

the midst of a problem, "Come"---said his lordship---"now for a little Virgil."

The book was brought; and the pupil with a good deal of help, got through twenty lines.

"Well"---said he, ringing the bell---I think we have done a good deal. Tom! bring my bow and arrows."

The fine London made bow in its green case, and the quiver with all its appurtenances, were brought, and his lordship went down to the place where the shooting butts were erected. He aimed a few shafts at the target, but not coming near it, he shot all the remainder at random, and then ordered out his horse.

He sauntered, with a servant at his heels, for a mile or two through the lanes, and came, just as the clock struck twelve, to a village-green, close by which a school was kept. A door flew open, and out burst a shoal of boys, who spreading over the green, with immoderate voice-feration, instantly began a variety of sports. Some fell to marbles---some to trap-ball---some to leap-frog. In short, not one of the whole crew but was eagerly employed. Every thing was noise, motion, and pleasure. *Lord Linger*, riding slowly up, espied one of his tenant's sons, who had been formerly admitted as a playfellow of his, and called him from the throng.

"Jack"---said he---"how do you like school?"

"O---pretty well, my lord!"

"What---have you a good deal of play?"

"O no! We have only from twelve to two for playing and eating our dinners; and then an hour before supper.

"That is very little, indeed!"

"But *we play heartily when we do play, and work when we work.* Good by, my lord! It is my turn to go in at trap."

So saying, Jack ran off.

"I wish I was a school boy!"--cried the little lord to himself.

THE GOOSE AND HORSE.

A FABLE.

A *Goose*, who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affronted by a *Horse* who fed near her, and in hissing accents thus addressed him. - "I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you, for the whole range and extent of your faculties is confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground as well as you; I have besides wings, with which I can raise myself in the air; and when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters: I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped."

The *Horse*, snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied, "It is true you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly, indeed; but your flight is so heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or the swallow. You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cannot live in them as fishes do; you cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along the bottom of the waves. And when you walk, or rather waddle, upon the ground, with your broad feet and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess that I am only formed to move upon the ground; but how graceful is my make! how well turned my limbs! how highly finished my whole body! how great my strength! how astonishing my

speed! I had far rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a *Goose* in all."

EIGHTH EVENING.

THE GRASS TRIBE.

Tutor---George---Harry.

Harry. PRAY what is that growing on the other side of the hedge?

George. Why it is corn---don't you see it is in ear?

H. Yes--but it seems too short for corn; and the corn we just now passed is not in ear by a great deal.

G. Then I don't know what it is. Pray, Sir, will you tell us?

Tutor. I don't wonder you were puzzled about it. It is a sort of grass sown for hay, and is called *rye-grass*.

H. But how happens it that it is so very like corn?

T. There is no great wonder in that; for all corn is really a kind of grass. And on the other hand, if you were a Lilliputian, every species of grass would appear to you amazing large corn.

G. Then there is no difference between corn and grass but the size?

T. None at all.

H. But we eat corn; and grass is not good to eat.

T. It is only the seeds of corn that we eat. We leave the stalks and leaves for cows and horses. Now we might eat the seeds of grass, if they were big enough to be worth gathering; and some particular kinds are in fact eaten in certain countries.

H. But is wheat and barley really grass ?

T. Yes----they are species of that great family of plants, which botanists call *grasses* ; and I will take this opportunity of telling you something about them. Go, George, and pull us up a root of that rye-grass. Harry and I will sit down on this stile till you come to us.

H. Here is grass enough all round us.

T. Well then---pull up a few roots that you see in ear.

G. Here is the grass.

H. And here is mine.

T. Well---spread them all in a handkerchief before us. Now look at the roots of them all. What do you call them ?

G. I think they are what you have told us are *fibrous* roots.

T. Right---they consist of a bundle of strings. Then look at their stalks---you will find them jointed and hollow, like the straw of corn.

H. So they are.

T. The leaves, you see, of all the kinds are very long and narrow, tapering to a point at their ends. Those of corn, you know, are the same.

H. Yes---they are so like grass at first, that I can never tell the difference.

T. Next observe the ears, or heads. Some of these, you see, are thick and close, exactly like those of wheat or barley ; others are more loose and open, like oats. The first are generally called *spikes* ; the second, *panicles*. If you examine them closely, you will find that they all consist of a number of distinct husky bodies, which are properly the flowers ; each of which is succeeded by a single seed. I dare say you have picked ears of wheat.

H. Oh yes---I am very fond of them.

T. Well then---you found that the grains all lay single, contained in a scaly husk, making a part of the ear, or head. Before the seed was formed, there was a flower in its place. I do not mean a gay fine-coloured flower, but a few scales, with threads coming out among them, each crowned with a white tip. And soon after the ears of corn appear, you will find their flowers open, and these white tips coming out of them. This is the structure of the flowers and flowering heads of every one of the grass tribe.

G. But what are the *beards* of corn?

T. The beards are bristles or points running out from the ends of the husks. They are properly called *awns*. Most of the grass tribe have something of these, but they are much longer in some kinds than in others. In barley, you know, they are very long, and give the whole field a sort of downy or silky appearance, especially when waved by the wind.

H. Are there the same kinds of corn and grass in all countries.

T. No. With respect to corn, that is in all countries the product of cultivation; and different sorts are found best to suit different climates. Thus in the northern part of the temperate zone, oats and rye are chiefly grown. In the middle and southern, barley and wheat. Wheat is universally the species preferred for bread-corn; but there are various kinds of it, differing from each other in size of grain, firmness, colour, and other qualities.

H. Does not the best wheat of all grow in England?

T. By no means. Wheat is better suited to the warmer climates, and it is only by great attention and upon particular soils that it is made

to succeed well here. On the other hand, the torrid zone is too hot for wheat and our other grains; and they chiefly cultivate rice there, and Indian corn.

G. I have seen heads of Indian corn, as thick as my wrist. But they do not look at all like our corn.

T. Yes---the seeds all grow single in a sort of ~~cha~~ head; and the stalk and leaves resemble those of the grass tribe, but of a gigantic size. But there are other plants of this family, which perhaps you have not thought of.

G. What are they?

T. Canes and reeds---from the sugar-cane and bamboo of the tropics, to the common reed of our ditches, of which you make arrows. All these have the general character of the grasses.

H. I know that reeds have very fine feathery heads, like the tops of grass.

T. They have so. And the stalks are composed of many joints; as are also those of the sugar-cane, and the bamboo, of which fishing rods and walking sticks are often made. Some of these are very tall plants, but the seeds of them are small in proportion, and not useful for food. But there is yet another kind of grass-like plants common among us.

H. What is that?

T. Have you not observed in the marshes, and on the sides of ditches, a coarse broader leaved sort of grass, with large dark-coloured spikes? This is *sedge*, in Latin *carex*, and there are many sorts of it.

H. What is that good for?

T. It is eaten by cattle, both fresh and dry; but is inferior in quality to good grass.

G. What is it that makes one kind of grass better than another?

T. There are various properties which give value to grasses. Some spread more than others, and resist frost and drought better; yield a greater crop of leaves, and are therefore better for pasturage and hay. The juices of some are more nourishing and sweeter than others. In general, however, different grasses are suited to different soils; and by improving soils, the quality of the grass is improved.

G. Does grass grow in all countries?

T. Yes---the green turf which naturally covers fertile soil in all countries, is chiefly composed of grasses of various kinds. They form, therefore, the verdant carpet extended over the earth; and humble as they are, they contribute more to beauty and utility, than any other part of the vegetable creation.

H. What---more than trees?

T. Yes, certainly. A land entirely covered with trees would be gloomy, unwholesome, and scarcely habitable; whereas the meadow, the down, and the corn field, afford the most agreeable prospects to the eye, and furnish every necessary, and many of the luxuries of life. Give us corn and grass, and what shall we want for food?

H. Let me see---what should we have? There's bread, and flour for puddings.

G. Ay, and milk, for you know cows live on grass and hay---so there's cheese and butter, and all things that are made of milk.

T. And are there not all kinds of meat too, and poultry? And then for drink, there is beer and ale, which are made from barley. For all these we are chiefly indebted to *the grasses*.

G. Then I am sure we are very much obliged to the grasses.

T. Well---let us now walk homewards. Some time hence, you shall make a collection of all the kinds of grasses, and learn to know them from each other.

A TEA LECTURE.

Tutor---Pupil.

Tut. COME---the tea is ready. Lay by your book, and let us talk a little. You have assisted in tea-making a great many times, and yet I dare say, you never considered what kind of an operation it was.

Pup. An operation of cookery---is it not?

Tut. You may call it so; but it is properly an operation of *chemistry*.

Pup. Of chemistry? I thought that had been a very deep sort of a business.

Tut. O---there are many things in common life that belong to the deepest of sciences. Making tea is the chemical operation called *infusion*, which is, when a hot liquor is poured upon a substance in order to extract something from it. The water, you see, extracts from the tea-leaves their colour, taste, and flavour.

Pup. Would not cold water do the same?

Tut. It would, but more slowly. Heat assists almost all liquors in their power of extracting the virtues of herbs and other substances. Thus good housewives were formerly used to boil their tea, in order to get all the goodness from it as completely as possible. The greater heat and agitation of boiling makes it act more powerfully. The liquor in which a substance has been boiled is called a *decoction* of that substance.

Pup. Then we had a decoction of mutton at dinner to day.

Tut. We had---broth is a decoction, and so are

gruel and barley-water. But when any thing is put to steep in a cold liquor, it is called *maceration*. The ingredients of which ink is made are *macerated*. In all these cases, you see, the whole substance does not mix with the liquor, but only part of it. The reason is, that part of it is *soluble* in the liquor, and part not.

Pup. What is the meaning of that?

Tut. *Solution* is when a solid put into a fluid entirely disappears in it, leaving the liquor clear. Thus when I throw this lump of sugar into my tea, you see it gradually wastes away till it is all gone; and then I can taste it in every single drop of my tea; but the tea is clear as before.

Pup. Salt would do the same.

Tut. It would. But if I were to throw in a lump of chalk, it would lie undissolved at the bottom.

Pup. But it would make the water white.

Tut. True, while it was stirred; and then it would be a *diffusion*. But while the chalk was thus mixed with the liquor, it would lose its transparency, and not recover it again, till by standing the chalk had all subsided, and left the liquor as it was before.

Pup. How is the cream mixed with the tea?

Tut. Why that is only *diffused*, for it takes away the transparency of the tea. But the particles of cream being finer and lighter than those of chalk, it remains longer united with the liquor. However, in time the cream would separate too, and rise to the top, leaving the tea clear. Now, suppose you had a mixture of sugar, salt, chalk, and tea leaves, and were to throw it into water, either hot or cold;---what would be the effect?

Pup. The sugar and salt would melt and disappear. The tea-leaves would yield their colour and taste. The chalk---I do not know what would become of that.

Tut. Why, if the mixture were stirred, the chalk would be diffused through it, and make it *turbid* or muddy; but on standing it would leave it unchanged.

Pup. Then there would remain at bottom the chalk and tea-leaves?

Tut. Yes. The clear liquor would contain in *solution* salt, sugar, and those particles of the tea, in which its colour and taste consisted: the remainder of the tea, and the chalk, would lie undissolved.

Pup. Then I suppose tea leaves, after the tea is made, are lighter than at first.

Tut. Undoubtedly. If taken out and dried they would be found to have lost part of their weight, and the water would have gained it. Sometimes, however, it is an extremely small portion of a substance which is soluble, but it is that in which its most remarkable qualities reside. Thus a small piece of spice will communicate a strong flavour to a large quantity of liquid, with very little loss of weight.

Pup. Will all liquors dissolve the same things?

Tut. By no means. Many dissolve in water, that will not in spirit of wine; and the contrary. And upon this difference many curious matters in the arts are founded. Thus, spirit varnish is made of a solution of various gums or resins in spirits that will not dissolve in water. Therefore, when it has been laid over any surface with a brush, and is become dry, the rain or moisture of the air will not affect it. This is the case with the beautiful varnish laid upon coaches. On the other hand, the varnish left by gum-water could not be washed off by spirits.

Pup. I remember when I made gum-water, upon setting the cup in a warm place, it all

dried away, and left the gum just as it was before. Would the same happen if I had sugar or salt dissolved in water?

Tut. Yes---upon exposing the solution to warmth, it would dry away, and you would get back your salt or sugar in a solid state as before.

Pup. But if I were to do so with a cup of tea, what should I get?

Tut. Not tea-leaves, certainly! but your question requires a little previous explanation. It is the property of heat to make most things fly off in vapour, which is called *evaporation* or *exhalation*. But this it does in very different degrees to different substances. Some are very easily made to *evaporate*; others very difficultly; and others not at all by the most violent fire we can raise. Fluids, in general, are easily *evaporable*; but not equally so. Spirits of wine fly off in vapour much sooner than water; so that if you had a mixture of the two, by applying a gentle heat you might drive off all the spirits, and leave the water pure. Water, again, is more *evaporable* than oil. Some solid substances are much disposed to evaporate. Thus, smelling salts by a little heat may be entirely driven away in the air. But in general, solids are more *fixed* than fluids; and therefore when a solid is dissolved in a fluid, it may commonly be recovered again by evaporation. By this operation common salt is got from sea-water and salt springs, both artificially, and in hot countries by the natural heat of the sun. When the water is no more than is just sufficient to dissolve the salt, it is called a *saturated solution*, and on evaporating the water further, the salt begins to separate, forming little regular masses called *crystals*. Sugar may be made in

like manner to form crystals, and then it is sugar-candy.

Pup. But what is a syrup?

Tut. That is, when so much sugar is dissolved as sensibly to thicken the liquor, but not to separate from it. Well---now to your question about tea. On exposing it to considerable heat, those fine particles in which its flavour consists, being as *volatile* or evaporable as the water, would fly off along with it; and when the liquor came to dryness, there would only be left those particles in which its roughness and colour consist. This would make what is called an *extract* of a plant.

Pup. What becomes of the water that evaporates?

Tut. it ascends into the air, and unites with it. But if in its way it be stopped by any cold body, it is *condensed*, that is it returns to the state of water again. Lift up the lid of the tea-pot, and you will see water collected on the inside of it, which is condensed steam from the hot tea beneath. Hold a spoon or knife in the way of the steam which bursts out from the spout of the tea-kettle, and you will find it immediately covered with drops. This operation of turning a fluid into vapour, and then condensing it, is called *distillation*. For this purpose, the vessel in which the liquor is heated is closely covered with another called the head, into which the steam rises, and is condensed. It is then drawn off by means of a pipe into another vessel called the receiver. In this way all sweet scented and aromatic liquors are drawn from fragrant vegetables, by means of water or spirits. The fragrant part, being very volatile, rises along with the steam of the water or spirit, and remains

united with it after it is condensed. Rose-water and spirit of lavender are liquors of this kind.

Pup. Then the water collected on the inside of the tea-pot lid should have the fragrance of the tea?

Tut. It should---but unless the tea were fine you would scarcely perceive it.

Pup. I think I have heard of making salt water fresh by distilling.

Tut. Yes. That is an old discovery lately revived. The salt in the sea-water, being of a fixed nature, does not rise with the steam; and therefore, on condensing the steam, the water is found to be fresh. And this indeed is the method nature employs in raising water by exhalation from the ocean, which collecting into clouds, is condensed in the cold regions of the air, and falls down in rain.

But our tea is done; so we will now put an end to our chemical lecture.

Pup. But is this real chemistry?

Tut. Yes, it is.

Pup. Why, I understand it all without any difficulty.

Tut. I intended you should.

THE KIDNAPPERS.

MR. B. was accustomed to read in the evening to his young folks some select story, and then ask them in turn what they thought of it. From the reflections they made on these occasions, he was enabled to form a judgment of their dispositions, and was led to throw in remarks of his own, by which their hearts and understandings might be improved. One night he read the following narrative from *Churchill's Voyages*.

“ In some voyages of discovery made from

Denmark to Greenland, the sailors were instructed to seize some of the natives by force or stratagem, and bring them away. In consequence of these orders, several Greenlanders were kidnapped and brought to Denmark. Though they were treated there with kindness, the poor wretches were always melancholy, and were observed frequently to turn their faces towards the north, and sigh bitterly. They made several attempts to escape, by putting out to sea in their little canoes which had been brought with them. One of them had got as far as thirty leagues from land before he was overtaken. It was remarked, that this poor man, when ever he met a woman with a child in her arms, used to utter a deep sigh; whence it was conjectured that he had left a wife and child behind him. They all pined away one after another, and died miserably."

Now, *Edward* (said he), what is your opinion of this story?

Edward. Poor creatures! I think it was very barbarous to take them from home.

Mr. B. It was, indeed!

Ed. Have civilized nations any *right* to behave so to savages?

Mr. B. I think you may readily answer that question yourself. Suppose you were a savage --- what would be your opinion?

Ed. I dare say I should think it very wrong. But can savages think about right and wrong as we do?

Mr. B. Why not! are they not *men*?

Ed. Yes---but not like civilized men, sure!

Mr. B. I know no important difference between ourselves and those people we are pleased to call savage, but in the degree of knowledge and virtue possessed by each. And I believe

many individuals among the Greenlanders, as well as other unpolished people, exceed in these respects many among us. In the present case, I am sure the Danish sailors showed themselves the greater savages.

Ed. But what did they take away the Greenlanders for?

Mr. B. The pretence was, that they might be brought to be instructed in a Christian country, and then sent back to civilize their countrymen.

Ed. And was not that a good thing?

Mr. B. Certainly---if it were done by proper means; but to attempt it by an act of violence and injustice could not be right; for they could teach them nothing so good, as their example was bad; and the poor people were not likely to learn willingly from those who had begun with injuring them so cruelly.

Ed. I remember Captain Cook brought over somebody from Otaheite; and poor Lee Boo was brought here from the Pelew Islands. But I believe they both came of their own accord.

Mr. B. They did. And it is a great proof of the better way of thinking of modern voyagers than in former ones, that they do not consider it as justifiable to use violence even for the supposed benefit of the people they visit.

Ed. I have read of taking possession of a newly discovered country by setting up the king's standard, or some such ceremony, though it was full of inhabitants.

Mr. B. Such was formerly the custom; and a more impudent mockery of all right and justice cannot be conceived. Yet this I am sorry to say, is the title by which European nations claim the greatest part of their foreign settlements.

Ed. And might not the natives drive them out again, if they were able?

Mr. B. I am sure I do not know why they might not; for force can never give right.

Now, *Harry* tell me what you think of the story.

Harry. I think it very strange that people should want to go back to such a cold dismal place as Greenland.

Mr. B. Why, what country do you love best in all the world?

H. England, to be sure!

Mr. B. But England is by no means the warmest and finest country. Here are no grapes growing in the fields, nor oranges in the woods and hedges; as there are in more southern climates.

H. I should like them very well, to be sure.---But then England is my own native country, where you and mamma and all my friends live. Besides, it is a very pleasant country, too.

Mr. B. As to your first reason, you must be sensible that the Greenlander can say just the same; and the poor fellow who left a wife and children behind must have had the strongest of all ties to make him wish to return. Do you think I should be easy to be separated from all of you?

H. No---and I am sure we should not be easy, neither.

Mr. B. Home, my dear, wherever it be, is the spot towards which a good heart is the most strongly drawn. Then, as for the pleasantness of a place, that all depends upon habit. The Greenlander, being accustomed to the way of living, and all the objects of his own country, could not relish any other so well. He loved

whale fat and seal as well as you can do pudding and beef. He thought rowing his little boat amid the boisterous waves, finer diversion than driving a plough or a cart. He fenced against the winter's cold by warm cloathing; and the long night of many weeks, which you would think so gloomy, was to him a season of ease and festivity in his habitation under ground. It is a very kind and wise dispensation of Providence, that every part of the world is rendered the most agreeable to those who live in it.

Now, little *Mary*, what have you to say?

Mary. I have only to say, that if they were to offer to carry me away from home, I would scratch their eyes out!

Mr. B. Well said, my girl! stand up for yourself. Let nobody run away with you--- *against your will*.

Mary. That I won't.

NINTH EVENING.

THE FARM-YARD JOURNAL.

DEAR TOM,

Since we parted at the breaking-up I have been for most of the time at a pleasant farm in Hertfordshire, where I have employed myself in rambling about the country and assisting, as well as I could, in the work going on at home and in the fields. On wet days, and in the evenings, I have amused myself with keeping a journal of all the great events that have happened among us; and hoping that when you are tired of the bustle of your busy town, you may receive some entertainments from comparing our transactions with yours, I have copied out for your perusal one of the days in my memorandum-book.

Pray let me know in return what you are doing, and believe me,

Your very affectionate friend,

Hazel-Farm.

RICHARD MARKWELL.

JOURNAL.

June 10th. Last night we had a dreadful alarm. A violent scream was heard from the hen-roost; the geese all set up a cackle, and the dogs barked. Ned, the boy who lies over the stable, jumped up and ran into the yard, when he observed a fox galloping away with a chicken in his mouth and the dogs in full chase after him. They could not overtake him, and soon returned. Upon further examination; the large white cock was found lying on the ground all bloody, with his comb torn almost off, and his feathers all ruffled; and the speckled hen and three chickens lay dead beside him. The cock recovered, but appeared terribly frightened. It seems that the fox had jumped over the garden hedge, and then crossing part of the yard behind the straw had crept into the hen-roost through a broken pale. John the carpenter was sent for, to make all fast, and prevent the like mischief again.

Early this morning the brindle cow was delivered of a fine bull calf. Both are likely to do well. The calf is to be fattened for the butcher. The duck-eggs that were sat upon by the old black hen were hatched this day, and the ducklings all directly ran into the pond, to the great terror of the hen who went round and round, clucking with all her might in order to call them out, but they did not regard her. An old drake took the little ones under his care, and they swam about very merrily.

As Dolly this morning was milking the new cow that was bought at the fair, she kicked

with her hind-legs, and threw down the milk-pail, at the same time knocking Dolly off her stool in the dirt. For this offence the cow was sentenced to have her head fastened to the rack, and her legs tied together.

A kite was observed to hover a long while over the yard with an intention of carrying off some of the young chickens; but the hens called their broods together under their wings, and the cocks put themselves in order of battle, so that the kite was disappointed. At length, one chicken, not minding its mother, but straggling heedlessly to a distance, was descried by the kite, who made a sudden swoop, and seized it in his talons. -- The chicken cried out and the cocks and hens all screamed; when Ralph the farmer's son, who saw the attack, snatched up a loaded gun, and just as the kite was flying off with his prey, fired and brought him dead to the ground, along with the poor chicken, who was killed in the fall. The dead body of the kite was nailed up against the wall, by way of warning to his wicked comrades.

In the forenoon we were alarmed with strange noises approaching us, and looking out we saw a number of people with frying pans, warming pans, tongs and pokers, beating, ringing, and making all possible din. We soon discovered them to be our neighbours of the next farm, in pursuit of a swarm of bees, which was hovering in the air over their heads. The bees at length alighted on the tall pear-tree in our orchard, and hung in a bunch from one of the boughs. A ladder was got, and a man ascending with gloves on his hands and an apron tied over his head, swept them into a hive which was rubbed on the inside with honey and sweet herbs. But as he was descending, some bees which had

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got under his gloves stung him in such a manner, that he hastily threw down the hive, upon which the greater part of the bees fell out, and began in a rage to fly among the crowd, and sting all whom they lit upon. Away scampered the people, the women shrieking, the children roaring; and poor Adam, who had held the hive, was assailed so furiously, that he was obliged to throw himself on the ground, and creep under the gooseberry bushes. At length, the bees began to return to the hive, in which the queen bee had remained; and after a while all being quietly settled, a cloth was thrown over it, and the swarm was carried home.

About noon, three pigs broke into the garden, where they were rioting upon the carrots and turnips, and doing a great deal of mischief by tramping the beds and rooting up the plants with their snouts; when they were spied by old Towzer the mastiff, who ran among them, and laying hold of their long ears with his teeth, made them squeel most dismally, and get out of the garden as fast they could.

Roger the plowman, when he came for his dinner, brought word that he had discovered a partridge's nest with sixteen eggs in the home field. Upon which the farmer went out and broke them all; saying that he did not chose to rear birds upon his corn which he was not allowed to catch, but must leave to some qualified sportsman, who would besides break down his fences in the pursuit.

A sheep-washing was held this day at the mill-pool, when seven score were well washed, and then penned in the high meadow to dry. Many of them made great resistance at being thrown into the water; and the old ram, being

dragged to the brink by a boy at each horn, and a third pushing behind, by a sudden spring threw two of them into the water, to the great diversion of the spectators.

Towards the dusk of the evening, the Squire's mongrel greyhound, which had been long suspected of worrying sheep, was caught in the fact. He had killed two lambs and was making a hearty meal upon one of them, when he was disturbed by the approach of the Shepherd's boy, and directly leaped the hedge and made off. The dead bodies were taken to the Squire's with an indictment of wilful murder against the dog. But when they came to look for the culprit, he was not to be found in any part of the premises, and is supposed to have fled his country through consciousness of his heinous offence.

Joseph who sleeps in the garret at the old end of the house, after having been some time in bed, came down stairs in his shirt, as pale as ashes, and frightened the maids, who were going up. It was some time before he could tell what was the matter: at length he said he had heard some dreadful noises over head, which he was sure must be made by some ghost or evil spirit; nay, he thought he had seen something moving, though he owned he durst hardly lift up his eyes. He concluded with declaring, that he would rather sit up all night in the kitchen than go to his room again. The maids were almost as much alarmed as he, and did not know what to do; but the master overhearing their talk, came out, and insisted upon their accompanying him to the spot, in order to search into the affair. They all went into the garret, and for a while heard nothing; when the master ordered the

candle to be taken away, and everyone to keep quite still. Joseph and the maids stuck close to each other, and trembled every limb. At length a kind of groaning or snoring began to be heard, which grew louder and louder, with intervals of a strange sort of hissing. "That's it!" whispered Joseph, drawing back towards the door---the maids were ready to sink; and even the farmer himself was a little disconcerted. The noise seemed to come from the rafters near the thatch. In a while a glimpse of moon-light shining through a hole at the place, plainly discovered the shadow of something stirring; and on looking intently, somewhat like feathers was perceived. The farmer now began to suspect what the case was; and ordering up a short ladder, bid Joseph climb to the spot, and thrust his hand into the hole. This he did rather unwillingly, and soon drew it back, crying loudly that he was bit. However, gathering courage, he put it in again, and pulled out a large white owl, another at the same time being heard to fly away. The cause of the alarm was now made clear enough; and poor Joseph, after being heartily jeered by the maids, though they had been as much frightened as he, sneaked into bed again, and the house soon became quiet.

ON MANUFACTURES.

Father.--Henry.

Hen. My dear father, you observed the other day that we had a great many *manufactures* in England. Pray what is a Manufacture?

Fa. A Manufacture is something made by the hand of man. It is derived from two Latin words, *manus*, the hand, and *facere*, to make. Manufactures are therefore opposed to *produc-*

tions, which latter are what the bounty of nature spontaneously affords us : as fruits, corn, marble.

Hen. But there is a great deal of trouble with corn: you have often made me take notice how much pains it costs the farmer to plough his ground, and put the seed in the earth, and keep it clear from weeds.

Fa. Very true ; but the farmer does not *make* the corn ; he only prepares for it a proper soil and situation, and removes every hindrance arising from the hardness of the ground, or the neighbourhood of other plants, which might obstruct the secret and wonderful process of vegetation ; but with the vegetation itself he has nothing to do. It is not *his* hand that draws out the slender fibres of the root, pushes up the green stalk, and by degrees the spiky ear : swells the grain, and embrowns it with that rich tinge of tawny russet, which informs the husbandman it is time to put in his sickle : all this operation is performed without his care or even knowledge.

Hen. Now then I understand ; corn is a *Production*, and bread a *Manufacture*.

Fa. Bread is certainly, in strictness of speech, *Manufacture* ; but we do not in general apply the term to any thing in which the original material is so little changed. If we wanted to speak of bread philosophically, we should say, it is a *preparation* of corn.

Hen. Is sugar a *Manufacture* ?

Fa. No, for the same reason, besides which, I do not recollect the term being applied to any article of food ; I suppose from an idea that food is of too perishable a nature, and generally obtained by a process too simple to deserve the name. We say, therefore, sugar-works, oil-

mills, chocolate-works ; we do not say a beer-manufactory, but a brewery ; but this is only a nicety of language, for properly all those are manufactories, if there is much of art and curiosity in the process.

Hen. Do we say a manufactory of *pictures* ?

Fa. No ; but for a different reason. A picture, especially if it belong to any of the higher kinds of painting, is an effort of genius. A picture cannot be produced by any given combinations of canvas and colour. It is the hand indeed, that executes, but the head that works. Sir Joshua Reynolds could not have gone, when he was engaged to paint a picture, and hired workmen, the one to draw the eyes, another the nose, a third the mouth ; the whole must be the painter's own, that particular painter's and no other ; and no one who has not his ideas can do his work. His work is therefore nobler, of a higher species.

Hen. Pray give me an instance of a manufactory ?

Fa. The making of watches is a manufacture: the silver, iron, gold, or whatever else is used in it, are productions, the material of the works ; but it is by the wonderful art of man that they are wrought into the numberless wheels and springs of which this complicated machine is composed.

Hen. Then is there not as much art in making a watch as a picture ? Does not the head work ?

Fa. Certainly, in the original invention of watches, as much, or more, than in painting ; but when once invented, the art of watch-making is capable of being reduced to a mere mechanical labour, which may be exercised by any man of common capacity, according to certain

precise rules, when made familiar to him by practice. This, painting is not.

Hen. But, my dear father, making of books surely requires a great deal of thinking and study; and yet I remember the other day at dinner a gentleman said that Mr. Pica had *manufactured* a large volume in less than a fortnight.

Fa. It was meant to convey a satirical remark on his book, because it was compiled from other authors, from whom he had taken a page in one place, and a page in another; so that it was not produced by the labour of his brain, but of his hands. Thus you heard your mother complain that the London cream was *manufactured*; which was a pointed and concise way of saying that the cream was not what it ought to be, nor what it pretended to be; for cream, when genuine, is a pure production, but when mixed up and adulterated with flour and isinglass, and I know not what, it becomes a *Manufacture*. It was as much as to say, art has been here, where it has no business; where it is not beneficial, but hurtful. A great deal of the delicacy of language depends upon an accurate knowledge of the specific meaning of single terms, and a nice attention to their relative propriety.

Hen. Have all nations *Manufactures*?

Fa. All that are in any degree cultivated; but it very often happens that countries naturally the poorest have *manufactures* of the greatest extent and variety.

Hen. Why so?

Fa. For the same reason, I apprehend, that individuals, who are rich without any labour of their own, are seldom so industrious and active as those who depend upon their own exertions.

ons: thus the Spaniards, who possess the richest gold and silver mines in the world, are in want of many conveniences of life which are enjoyed in London and Amsterdam.

Hen. I can comprehend that; I believe if my uncle Ledger were to find a gold-mine under his warehouse, he would soon shut up shop.

Fa. I believe so. It is not, however, easy to establish Manufactures in a *very poor* nation; they require science and genius for their invention, art and contrivance for their execution; order, peace and union, for their flourishing; they require a number of men to combine together in an undertaking, and to prosecute it with the most patient industry; they require therefore, laws and government for their protection. If you see extensive Manufactures in any nation, you may be sure it is a civilized nation; you may be sure property is accurately ascertained and protected. They require great expences for their first establishment, costly machines for shortening manual labour, and money and credit for purchasing materials from distant countries. There is not a single Manufacture of Great Britain which does not require in some part or other of its process, productions from the different parts of the globe; oils, drugs, varnish, quick-silver, and the like; it requires, therefore, *ships* and a friendly intercourse with foreign nations to transport commodities, and exchange productions. We could not be a manufacturing, unless we were also a commercial nation. They require time to take root in any place, and their excellence often depends upon some nice and delicate circumstance; a peculiar quality, for instance, in the air, or water, or some other local circumstance not easily ascertained. Thus, I have heard,

that the Irish women spin better than the English, because the moister temperature of their climate makes their skin more soft and their fingers more flexible: thus again we cannot dye so beautiful a scarlet as the French can, though with the same drugs, perhaps on account of the superior purity of their air. But though so much is necessary for the perfection of the more curious and complicated Manufactures, all nations, possess those which are subservient to the common conveniences of life---the loom and the forge, particularly, are of the highest antiquity.

Hen. Yes; I remember Hector bids Andromache return to her apartment, and employ herself weaving with her maids; and I remember the shield of Achilles.

Fa. True; and you likewise remember, in an earlier period, the fine linen of Egypt; and to go still higher, the working in brass and iron is recorded of Tubal Cain before the flood.

Hen. Which is the most important, Manufactures or Agriculture?

Fa. Agriculture is the most necessary, because it is first of all necessary that man should live; but almost all the enjoyments and comforts of life are produced by Manufactures.

Hen. Why are we obliged to take so much pains to make ourselves comfortable.

Fa. To exercise our industry. Nature provides the materials for man. She pours out at his feet a profusion of gems, metals, dyes, plants, ores, barks, stones, gums, wax, marbles, woods, roots, skins, earths, and minerals of all kinds. She has likewise given him tools.

Hen. I did not know that Nature gave us tools.

Fa. No! what are those two instruments

you carry always about with you, so strong and yet so flexible, so nicely jointed, and branched out into five long taper, unequal divisions, any of which may be contracted or stretched out at pleasure; the extremities of which have a feeling so wonderfully delicate, and which are strengthened and defended by horn?

Hen. The Hands.

Fa. Yes. Man is as much superior to the brutes in his outward form, by means of the hand, as he is in his mind by the gifts of reason. The trunk of the elephant comes perhaps the nearest to it in its exquisite feeling and flexibility (it is indeed, called his hand in Latin) and accordingly that animal has always been reckoned the wisest of brutes. When Nature gave man the hand, she said to him, "Exercise your ingenuity and work." As soon as ever man rises above the state of a savage, he begins to contrive and to make things, in order to improve his forlorn condition; thus you may remember Thomson represents Industry coming to the poor shivering wretch, and teaching him the arts of life:

Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone;
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn.

Hen. It must require a great deal of knowledge, I suppose, for so many curious works; what kind of knowledge is most necessary?

Fa. There is not any which may not be occasionally employed; but the two sciences which most assist the manufacturer are *méchanics* and *chemistry*. The one for building mills, working of mines, and in general for constructing wheels, wedges, pulleys, &c. either to shorten the la-

hour of man, by performing it in less time, or to perform what the strength of man alone could not accomplish: the other in fusing and working ores, in dying and bleaching, and extracting the virtues of various substances for particular uses: making of soap, for instance, is a chemical operation; and by chemistry an ingenious gentleman has lately found out a way of bleaching a piece of cloth in eight and forty hours, which by the common process would have taken up a great many weeks.---you have heard of Sir Richard Arkwright who died lately---

Hen. Yes, I have heard he was at first only a barber, and shaved people for a penny a-piece.

Fa. He did so; but having a strong turn for mechanics, he invented, or at least perfected, a machine, by which one pair of hands may do the work of twenty or thirty; and, as in this country every one is free to rise by merit, he acquired the largest fortune in the county, had a great many hundreds of workmen under his orders, and had leave given him by the King to put *Sir* before his name.

Hen. Did that do him any good?

Fa. It pleased him, I suppose, or he would not have accepted of it; and you will allow, I imagine, that if titles are used, it does honour to those who bestow them, that they are given to such as have made themselves noticed for something useful.---Arkwright used to say, that if he had time to perfect his inventions, he would put a fleece of wool into a box, and it should come out broad cloth.

Hen. What did he mean by that; was there any fairy in the box to turn it into broad cloth with her wand?

Fa. He was assisted by the only fairies that

ever had the power of transformation, Art and Industry: he meant that he would contrive so many machines, wheel within wheel; that the combing, carding, and other various operations should be performed by mechanism, almost without the hand of man.

Hen. I think, if I had not been told, I should never been able to guess that my coat came off the back of the sheep.

Fa. You hardly would; but there are Manufactures in which the material is much more changed than in woollen cloth. What can be meaner in appearance than sand and ashes? Would you imagine any thing beautiful could be made out of such a mixture? Yet the furnace transforms this into that transparent chrystal we call *glass*, than which nothing is more sparkling, more brilliant, more full of lustre. It throws about the rays of light as if it had life and motion.

Hen. There is a glass-shop in London, which always puts me in mind of Aladdin's palace.

Fa. It is certain that if a person ignorant of the Manufacture were to see one of our capital shops, he would think all the treasures of Golconda were centred there, and that every drop of cut glass was worth a prince's ransom.--- Again, who would suppose, on seeing the green stalks of a plant, that it could be formed into a texture so smooth, so snowy-white, so firm, and yet so flexible as to wrap round the limbs and adapt itself to every movement of the body? Who would guess this fibrous stalk could be made to float in such light undulating folds as in our lawns and cambrics; not less fine, we presume, than that transparent drapery which the Romans called *ventus textilis*, *woven wind*.

Hen. I wonder how any body can spin such fine thread.

Fa. Their fingers must have the touch of a spider, that as Pope says,

“Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;”

and indeed you recollect that *Arachne* was a spinster. Lace is a still finer production from flax, and is one of those in which the original material is most improved. How many times the price of a pound of flax do you think that flax will be worth when made into lace?

Hen. A great many times, I suppose.

Fa. Flax at the best hand is bought at fourteen-pence a pound. They make lace at Valenciennes, in French Flanders, of ten guineas a yard, I believe indeed higher, but we will say ten guineas; this yard of lace will weigh probably not more than half an ounce: what is the value of half an ounce of flax? reckon it.

Hen. It comes to one farthing and three quarters of a farthing.

Fa. Right; now tell me how many times the original value the lace is worth.

Hen. Prodigious! it is worth 5760 times as much as the flax it is made of.

Fa. Yet there is another material that is still more improveable than flax.

Hen. What can that be?

Fa. Iron. The price of pig-iron is ten shillings a hundred; this is not quite one farthing for two ounces: now you have seen some of the beautiful cut steel like diamonds.

Hen. Yes, I have seen buckles, and pins, and watch-chains.

Fa. Then you can form an idea of it; but you have seen only the most common sorts. There was a chain made at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and sent to France, which weighed only two ounces, and cost 170*l.* Calculate how many times that had increased its value.

Hen. Amazing ! It was worth 163,600 times the value of the iron it was made of.

Fa. This is what Manufactures can do ; here man is a kind of a creator, and, like the great Creator, he may please himself with his work, and say it is good. In the last-mentioned Manufacture, too, that of steel, the English have the honour of excelling all the world.

H. What are the chief manufactures of England ?

Fa. We have at present a greater variety than I can pretend to enumerate, but our staple Manufacture is woollen cloth. England abounds in fine pastures and extensive downs, which feed great numbers of sheep ; hence our wool has always been a valuable article of trade ; but we did not always know how to work it. We used to sell it to the Flemish or Lombards, who wrought it into cloth ; till in the year 1326, Edward the Third invited some Flemish weavers over to teach us the art ; but there was not much made in England till the reign of Henry the Seventh. Manchester and Birmingham are towns which have risen to great consequence from small beginnings, almost within the memory of old men now living ; the first for cotton and muslin goods, the second for cutlery and hardware, in which we at this moment excel all Europe. Of late years, too, carpets, beautiful as fine tapestry, have been fabricated in this country. Our clocks and watches are greatly esteemed. The earthenware plates and dishes, which we all use in common, and the elegant set for the tea-table, ornamented with musical instruments, which we admired in our visit yesterday, belong to a very extensive manufactory, the seat of which is at Burslem in Staffordshire. The principal potteries there belong to one person, an excellent chymist, and a man of

great taste; he, in conjunction with another man of taste who is since dead, has made our clay more valuable than the finest porcelain of China. He has moulded it into all the forms of grace and beauty that are to be met with in the precious remains of the Greek and Etruscan artists. In the more common articles he has penciled it with the most elegant designs, shaped it into shells and leaves, twisted into wicker work, and trailed the ductile foliage round the light basket. He has filled our cabinets and chimney-pieces with urns, lamps, and vases, on which are lightly traced, with the purest simplicity, the fine forms and floating draperies of Her-culaneum. In short, he has given to our houses a classic air, and has made every saloon and every dining-room schools of taste. I should add that there is a great demand abroad for this elegant Manufacture. The Empress of Russia has had some magnificent services of it; and the other day one was sent to the King of Spain, intended as a present from him to the Archbishop of Toledo, which cost a thousand pounds. Some morning you shall go through the rooms in the London Warehouse.

Hen. I should like very much to see Manufactures, now you have told me such curious things about them.

Fa. You will do well; there is much more entertainment to a cultivated mind in seeing a pin made, than in many a fashionable diversion which young people half ruin themselves to attend. In the mean time I will give you some account of one of the most elegant of them, which is *paper*.

Hen. Pray do, my dear father.

Fa. It shall be left for another evening, however, for it is now late. Good night.

TENTH EVENING.

THE FLYING FISH.

THE Flying Fish, says the fable, had originally no wings; but being of an ambitious and discontented temper, she repined at being always confined to the waters, and wished to soar in the air. "If I could fly like the birds," said she, "I should not only see more of the beauties of nature, but I should be able to escape from those fish which are continually pursuing me, and which render my life miserable." She therefore petitioned Jupiter for a pair of wings; and immediately she perceived her fins to expand. They suddenly grew to the length of her whole body, and became at the same time so strong as to do the office of a pinion. She was at first much pleased with her new powers, and looked with an air of disdain on all her former companions; but she soon perceived herself exposed to new dangers. When flying in the air, she was incessantly pursued by the tropic bird, and the Albatross; and when for safety she dropped into the water, she was so fatigued with her flight, that she was less able than ever to escape from her old enemies the fish. Finding herself more unhappy than before, she now begged of Jupiter to recal his present; but Jupiter said to her, "When I gave you your wings, I well knew they would prove a curse; but your proud and restless disposition deserved this disappointment. Now, therefore, what you begged as a favour, keep as a punishment!"

A LESSON IN

THE ART OF DISTINGUISHING.

F. COME hither, Charles; what is that you see grazing in the meadow before you?

C. It is a horse.

F. Whose horse is it?

C. I do not know; I never saw it before.

F. How do you know it is a horse if you never saw it before?

C. Because it is like other horses.

F. Are all horses alike, then?

C. Yes.

F. If they are all alike, how do you know one horse from another?

C. They are not quite alike.

F. But they are so much alike, that you can easily distinguish a horse from a cow?

C. Yes, indeed.

F. Or from a cabbage?

C. A horse from a cabbage? yes, surely I can.

F. Very well; then let us see if you can tell how a horse differs from a cabbage?

C. Very easily; a horse is alive.

F. True; and how is every thing called which is alive.

C. I believe all things that are alive are called *animals*.

F. Right; but can you tell me what a horse and a cabbage are alike in?

C. Nothing, I believe.

F. Yes, there is one thing in which the slenderest moss that grows upon the wall is like the greatest man or the highest angel.

C. Because God made them.

F. Yes; and how do you call every thing that is made?

C. A creature.

F. A horse then is a creature, but a living creature; that is to say, an animal.

C. And a cabbage is a dead creature; that is the difference.

F. Not so, neither; nothing is dead that has never been alive.

C. What must I call it then, if it is neither dead nor alive?

F. An inanimate creature; there is the animate and inanimate Creation. Plants, stones, metals, are of the latter class, horses belong to the former.

C. But the gardener told me some of my cabbages were dead, and some were alive.

F. Very true. Plants have a *vegetative* life, a principle of growth and decay; this is common to them with all organized bodies; but they have not sensation, at least we do not know they have---they have not *life* therefore, in the sense in which animals enjoy it.

C. A horse is called an animal, then.

F. Yes; but a salmon is an animal, and so is a sparrow; how will you distinguish a horse from these?

C. A salmon lives in the water and swims; a sparrow flies, and lives in the air.

F. I think a salmon could not walk upon the ground, even if it could live out of the water.

C. No, indeed; it has no legs.

F. And a bird would not gallop like a horse.

C. No; it would hop away upon its two slender legs.

F. How many legs has a horse?

C. Four.

F. And an ox?

C. Four likewise.

F. And a camel?

C. Four still.

F. Do you know any animals which live upon the earth that have not four legs?

C. I think not; they have all four legs; except worms, and insects, and such things.

F. You remember, I suppose, what an animal is called that has four legs; you have it in your little books.

C. A quadruped.

F. A horse then is a *quadruped*: by this we distinguish him from birds, fishes, and insects.

C. And from men.

F. True; but if you had been talking about birds, you would not have found it so easy to distinguish them.

C. How so! a man is not at all like a bird.

F. Yet an ancient philosopher could find no way to distinguish them, but by calling man a *two-legged animal without feathers*.

C. I think he was very silly; they are not all alike, though they have both two legs.

F. Another ancient philosopher called Diogenes, was of your opinion. He stripped a cock of his feathers, and turned him into the school where Plato, that was his name, was teaching, and said, here is Plato's man for you.

C. I wish I had been there, I should have laughed very much.

F. Probably. Before we laugh at others, however, let us see what we can do ourselves. We have not yet found any thing which will distinguish a horse from an elephant, or from a Norway rat.

C. O, that is easy enough. An elephant is very large, and a rat is very small; a horse is neither large nor small.

F. Before we go any further, look what is settled on the skirt of your coat.

C. It is a butterfly; what a prodigious large one! I never saw such a one before.

F. Is it larger than a rat, think you?

C. No, that it is not.

F. Yet you called the butterfly large, and you called the rat small.

C. It is very large for a butterfly.

F. It is so. You see, therefore, that large and small are *relative terms*.

C. I do not well understand that phrase.

F. It means that they have no precise and determinate signification in themselves, but are applied differently according to the other ideas which you join with them, and the different positions in which you view them. This butterfly, therefore, is *large*, compared with those of its own species, and *small* compared with many other species of animals. Besides, there is no circumstance which varies more than the size of individuals. If you were to give an idea of a horse from its size, you would certainly say it was much bigger than a dog; yet if you take the smallest Shetland horse, and the largest Irish greyhound, you will find them very much upon a par: size, therefore, is not a circumstance by which you can accurately distinguish one animal from another; nor yet is colour.

C. No; there are black horses, and bay, and white, and pied.

F. But you have not seen that variety of colours, in a hare, for instance.

C. No, a hare is always brown.

F. Yet if you were to depend upon that circumstance, you would not convey the idea of a hare to a mountaineer, or an inhabitant of Siberia; for he sees them white as snow. We must, therefore, find out some circumstances that do not change like size and colour, and I may add shape, though they are not so obvious, nor perhaps so striking. Look at the feet of quadrupeds; are they all alike?

C. No; some have long taper claws and some have thick clumsy feet without claws.

F. The thick feet are horney; are they not?

C. Yes, I recollect they are called hoofs.

F. And the feet that are not covered with horn, and are divided into claws, are called *digitated*, from *digitus*, a finger; because they are parted like fingers. Here, then, we have one grand division of quadrupeds into *hoofed* and *digitated*. Of which division is the horse?

C. He is hoofed.

F. There are a great many different kinds of horses; did you ever know one that was not hoofed?

C. No, never.

F. Do you think we run any hazard of a stranger telling us, Sir, horses are hoofed indeed in your country, but in mine, which is in a different climate, and where we feed them differently, they have claws?

C. No, I dare say not.

F. Then we have got something to our purpose; a circumstance easily marked, which always belongs to the animal under every variation of situation or treatment. But an ox is hoofed, and so is a sheep; we must distinguish still farther. You have often stood by, I suppose, while the smith was shoeing a horse. What kind of a hoof has he?

C. It is round, and all in one piece.

F. And is that of an ox so?

C. No, it is divided.

F. A horse, then, is not only hoofed, but *whole-hoofed*. Now how many quadrupeds do you think there are in the world that are whole-hoofed?

C. Indeed I do not know.

F. There are among all animals, that we are

acquainted with, either in this country or in any other, only the horse, the ass, and the zebra, which is a species of wild ass. Now, therefore, you see we have nearly accomplished our purpose; we have only to distinguish him from the ass.

C. That is easily done, I believe; I should be sorry if any body could mistake my little horse for an ass.

F. It is not so easy, however, as you imagine; the eye readily distinguishes them by the air and general appearance, but naturalists have been rather puzzled to fix upon any specific difference, which may serve the purpose of a definition. Some have, therefore, fixed upon the ears, others on the mane and tail. What kind of ears has an ass?

C. O, very long clumsy ears. Asses' ears are always laughed at.

F. And the horse?

C. The horse has small ears, nicely turned, and upright.

F. And the mane, is there no difference there?

C. The horse has a fine long flowing mane; the ass has hardly any.

F. And the tail; is it not fuller of hair in the horse than in the ass?

C. Yes; the ass has only a few long hairs at the end of his tail; but the horse has a long bushy tail, when it is not cut.

F. Which, by the way, it is a pity it ever should. Now, then, observe what particulars we have got. *A horse is an animal of the quadruped kind, whole-hoofed, with short erect ears, a flowing mane, and a tail covered in every part with long hairs.* Now is there any other animal, think you, in the world that answers these particulars?

C. I do not know; this does not tell us a great deal about him.

F. And yet it tells us enough to distinguish him from all the different tribes of the creation which we are acquainted with in any part of the earth. Do you know now what we have been making?

C. What?

F. A DEFINITION. It is the business of a definition to distinguish precisely the thing defined from every other thing, and to do it in as few terms as possible. Its object is to separate the subject of definition, first, from those with which it has only a general resemblance; then, from those which agree with it in a greater variety of particulars; and so on, till by constantly throwing out all which have not the qualities we have taken notice of, we come at length to the individual or the species we wish to ascertain. It is a kind of chase, and resembles the manner of hunting in some countries, where they first enclose a very large circle with their dogs, nets, and horses; and then, by degrees, draw their toils closer and closer, driving their game before them till it is at length brought into so narrow a compass, that the sportsmen have nothing to do but to knock down their prey.

C. Just as we have been hunting this horse, till at last we held him fast by his ears and his tail.

F. I should observe to you, that in the definition naturalists give of a horse, it is generally mentioned that he has six cutting teeth in each jaw; because this circumstance of the teeth has been found a very convenient one for characterising large classes: but as it is not absolutely necessary here, I have omitted it; a definition being the more perfect the fewer particulars

you make use of, provided you can say with certainty from those particulars, the object so characterised must be this, and no other whatever.

C. But, papa, if I had never seen a horse, I should not know what kind of animal it was by this definition.

F. Let us hear, then, how you would give me an idea of a horse.

C. I would say it was a fine large prancing creature, with slender legs and arched neck, and a sleek smooth skin, and a tail that sweeps the ground, and that he snorts and neighs very loud, and tosses his head, and runs as swift as the wind.

F. I think you learned some verses upon the horse in your last lesson: repeat them.

C. The wanton courser thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs exalting to his fields again.

Pope's Homer.

F. You have said very well; but this is not a *Definition*, it is a *Description*.

C. What is the difference?

F. A description is intended to give you a lively picture of an object, as if you saw it; it ought to be very full. A definition gives no picture to those who have not seen it; it rather tells you what its subject is not, than what it is, by giving you such clear specific marks, that it shall not be possible to confound it with any thing else; and hence it is of the greatest use in throwing things into classes. We have a great many beautiful descriptions from ancient authors

so loosely worded that we cannot certainly tell what animals are meant by them, whereas if they had given us definitions, three lines would have ascertained their meaning.

C. I like a description best, papa.

F. Perhaps so: I believe I should have done the same at your age. Remember, however, that nothing is more useful than to learn to form ideas with precision, and to express them with accuracy: I have not given you a definition to teach you what a horse is, but to teach you to *think*.

THE PHENIX AND DOVE.

A Phenix, who had long inhabited the solitary deserts of Arabia, once flew so near the habitations of men as to meet with a tame Dove, who was sitting on her nest, with wings expanded, and fondly brooding over her young ones, while she expected her mate, who was foraging abroad to procure them food. The Phenix, with a kind of insulting compassion, said to her, "Poor bird, how much I pity thee! confined to a single spot, and sunk in domestic cares, thou art continually employed either in laying eggs, or in providing for thy brood; and thou exhaustest thy life and strength in perpetuating a feeble and defenceless race. As to myself, I live exempt from toil, care, and misfortune. I feed upon nothing less precious than rich gums and spices; I fly through the trackless regions of the air, and when I am seen by men, am gazed at with curiosity and astonishment; I have no one to controul my range, no one to provide for; and when I have fulfilled my five centuries of life, and seen the revolutions of ages, I rather vanish than die, and a successor without my care springs up from my ashes. I am an image of

the great sun whom I adore; and glory in being like him, single and alone, and having no likeness."

The Dove replied, "O Phenix, I pity thee much more than thou affectest to pity me! What pleasure canst thou enjoy, who livest forlorn and solitary in a trackless and unpeopled desert; who hast no mate to caress thee, no young ones to excite thy tenderness and reward thy cares, no kindred, no society amongst thy fellows. Not long life only, but immortality itself would be a curse, if it were to be bestowed on such uncomfortable terms. For my part I know that my life will be short, and therefore I employ it in raising a numerous posterity, and in opening my heart to all the sweets of domestic happiness. I am beloved by my partner; I am dear to man; and shall leave marks behind me that I have lived. As to the Sun, to whom thou hast presumed to compare thyself, that glorious being is so totally different from, and so infinitely superior to, all the creatures upon earth, that it does not become us to liken ourselves to him, or to determine upon the manner of his existence. One obvious difference however, though mayest remark; that the sun, though alone, by his prolific heat, produces all things, and though he shines so high above our heads, gives us reason every moment to bless his beams; whereas thou, swelling with thy imaginary greatness, dreamest away a long period of existence, equally void of comfort and usefulness."

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

F. I will now, as I promised, give you an account of the elegant and useful manufacture of *Paper*, the basis of which is itself a manufacture. This delicate and beautiful substance is made from the meanest and most disgusting ma-

materials, from old rags, which have passed from one person to another, and at length have perhaps dropped in tatters from the child of the beggar. These are carefully picked up from dunghills, or bought from servants by Jews, who make it their business to go about and collect them. They sell them to the rag-merchant, who gives from two-pence to four-pence a pound, according to the quality ; and he, when he has got a sufficient quantity, disposes of them to the owner of the paper-mill. He gives them first to women to sort and pick, agreeably to their different degrees of fineness : they also with a knife cut out carefully all the seams, which they throw into a basket for other purposes : they then put them into the dusting-engine, a large circular wire-sieve, from whence they receive some degree of cleansing. The rags are then conveyed to the mill. Here they were formerly beat to pieces with vast hammers, which rose and fell continually with a most tremendous noise that was heard from a great distance. But now they put the rags into a large trough or cistern, into which a pipe of clear spring water is constantly flowing. In this cistern is placed a cylinder, about two feet long, set thick round with rows of iron spikes, standing as near as they can to one another without touching. At the bottom of the trough there are corresponding rows of spikes. The cylinder is made to whirl round with inconceivable rapidity, and with these iron teeth rends and tears the cloth in every possible direction till, by the assistance of the water, which continually flows through the cistern, it is thoroughly masticated, and reduced to a fine pulp ; and by the same process all its impurities are cleansed away, and it is restored to its original whiteness.

This process takes about six hours. To improve the colour they then put in a little smalt, which gives it that bluish cast which all Paper has more or less: the French Paper has less of it than ours. This fine pulp is next put into a copper of warm water. It is the substance of paper, but the form must now be given it: for this purpose they use a mould. It is made of wire, strong one way, and crossed with finer. This mould they just dip horizontally into the copper, and take it out again. It has a little wooden frame on the edge, by means of which it retains as much of the pulp as is wanted for the thickness of the sheet, and the superfluity runs off thro' the interstices of the wires. Another man instantly receives it, opens the frame, and turns out the thin sheet, which has now shape, but not consistence, upon soft felt, which is placed on the ground to receive it. On that is placed another piece of felt, and then another sheet of paper, and so on till they have made a pile of forty or fifty. They are then pressed with a large screw-press, moved by a long lever, which forcibly squeezes the water out of them, and gives them immediate consistence. There is still however, a great deal to be done. The felts are taken off and thrown on one side, and the Paper on the other, from whence it is dexterously taken up with an instrument in the form of a T, three sheets at a time, and hung on lines to dry. There it hangs for a week or ten days, which likewise further whitens it; and any knots or roughnesses it may have are picked off carefully by the women. It is then sized. Size is a kind of glue; and without this preparation the Paper would not bear ink; it would run and blot as you see it does on grey Paper. The

sheets are just dipped into the size, and taken out again. The exact degree of sizing is a matter of nicety, which can only be known by experience. They are then hung up again to dry, and when dry taken to the finishing room, where they are examined anew, pressed in the dry presses, which gives them their last gloss and smoothness; counted out into quires, made up in reams, and sent to the Stationer's, from whom we have it, after he has folded it again and cut the edges; some too he makes to shine like satin, by glossing it with hot-plates. The whole process of Paper-making takes about three weeks.

H. It is a very curious process indeed. I shall almost scruple for the future to blacken a sheet of Paper in a careless scrawl, now I know how much pains it costs to make it so white and beautiful.

F. It is true that there is hardly any thing we use with so much waste and profusion as this manufacture; we should think ourselves confined in the use of it, if we might not tear, disperse, and destroy it in a thousand ways; so that it is really astonishing from whence linen enough can be procured to answer so vast a demand. As to the coarse brown papers, of which an astonishing quantity is used by every shopkeeper in packages, &c. these are made chiefly of oakum, that is, old hempen ropes. A fine paper is made in China of silk.

H. I have heard lately of woven paper; pray is that? they cannot weave Paper, surely!

F. Your question is very natural. In order to answer it, I must desire you to take a sheet of common Paper, and hold it up against the light. Do not you see marks in it?

H. I see a great many white lines running

along lengthways, like ribs, and smaller that cross them. I see too, letters and the figure of a crown.

F. These are all the marks of the wires; the thickness of the wire prevents so much of the pulp lying upon the sheet in those places, consequently wherever the wires are, the Paper is thinner, and you see the light through more readily, which gives that appearance of white lines. The letters too are worked in the wire, and are the maker's name. Now to prevent these lines, which take off from the beauty of the Paper, particularly of drawing paper, there have been lately used moulds of brass wire exceeding fine, of equal thickness, and woven or latticed one within another; the marks, therefore, of these are easily pressed out, so as to be hardly visible; if you look at this sheet you will see it is quite smooth.

H. It is so.

F. I should mention to you, that there is a discovery very lately made, by which they can make Paper equal to any in whiteness, of the coarsest brown rags, and even of dyed cottons; which they have till now been obliged to throw by for inferior purposes. This is by means of manganese, a sort of mineral, and oil of vitriol; a mixture of which they just pass through the pulp, while it is in water, for otherwise it would burn it, and in an instant it discharges the colours of the dyed cloths, and bleaches the brown to a beautiful whiteness.

H. That is like what you told me before of bleaching cloth in a few hours.

F. It is indeed founded upon the same discovery. The Paper made of these brown rags is likewise more valuable, from being very tough and strong, almost like parchment.

H. When was the making of Paper found out?

F. It is a disputed point, but probably in the fourteenth century. The invention has been of almost equal consequence to literature, as that of printing itself; and shows how the arts and sciences, like children of the same family, mutually assist and bring forward each other.

THE TWO ROBBERS.

Scene—Alexander the Great in his tent. Guards. A man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.

Alex. WHAT, art thou the Thracian Robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Rob. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

A. A soldier! a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

R. What have I done, of which you can complain?

A. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow subjects?

R. Alexander! I am your captive—I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

A. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to silence those with whom I deign to converse!

R. I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

A. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest: among sovereigns, the noblest: among conquerors, the mightiest.

R. And does not fame speak of me, too?

Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever---But I'll corn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

A. Still, what are you but a robber---a base dishonest robber?

R. And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry;---plundering, ravishing, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man; you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

A. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce and philosophy.

R. I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever repay to the world the mischiefs we have done it.

A. Leave me---Take off his chains, and use him well. (*Exit Robber.*)---Are we then much alike?---Alexander to a robber?---

ELEVENTH EVENING.

O N M A N.

Charles. You gave me the definition of a horse some time ago--Pray, Sir, how is a Man defined?

Father. That is worth enquiring. Let us consider, then. He must either stand by himself, or be ranked among the quadrupeds; for there are no other two-legged animals but birds, which he certainly does not resemble.

C. But how can he be made a quadruped?

F. By setting him to crawl on the ground, in which case he will as much resemble a baboon, as a baboon, set on his hind-legs does a man. In reality, there is little difference between the arms of a man and the fore-legs of a quadruped; and in all other circumstances of internal and external structure, they are evidently formed upon the same model.

C. I suppose then we must call him a digitated quadruped that generally goes upon his hind-legs.

A naturalist could not reckon him otherwise; and accordingly Linnæus has placed him in the same division with apes, macocos, and bats.

Apes, macocos, and bats!

Yes---they have all four cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and teats on the breast. How do you like your relations?

Not at all!

Then we will get rid of them by applying to the other part of human nature--the mind. Man is an animal possessed of *reason*, and the only one. This, therefore is enough to define him.

I have often heard that man is a rational

creature, and I have a notion what that means; but I should like to have an exact definition of reason.

F. Reason is the faculty by which we compare ideas and draw conclusions. A man walking in the woods of an unknown country finds a bow. He compares it in his mind with other bows, and forms the conclusion that it must have been made by man, and that therefore the country is probably inhabited. He discovers a hut, sees in it half-burnt wood, and finds that the ashes are not quite cold. He concludes, therefore, with certainty, not only that there are inhabitants, but that they cannot be far distant. No other animal could do this.

C. But would not a dog who had been used to live with men, run into such a hut and expect to find people in it?

F. He probably would, and this, I acknowledge, is very like reason; for he may be supposed to compare in his mind the hut he has lived in with that he sees, and to conclude, that as there were men in the first, there are in the last. But how little a way does this carry him? He finds no men there, and he is unable by any marks to form a judgment how long they have been absent, or what sort of people they were; still less does he form any plan of conduct in consequence of his discovery.

C. Then is not the difference only that man has much reason, and brutes little?

F. If we adhere to the mere words of the definition of reason, I believe this must be admitted; but in the exercise of it, the superiority of the human faculties is so great, that man is in many points absolutely distinguished from

brutes. In the first place he has the *use of speech*, which no other animal has attained.

C. Cannot many animals make themselves understood by one another by their cries?

F. They can make known a few of their common wants and desires, but they cannot *discourse*, or communicate ideas stored up in the memory. It is this faculty which makes man an *improveable* being, the wisdom and experience acquired by one individual being thus transmitted to others, and so on, in an endless series of progression. There is no reason to suppose that the dogs of the present day are more knowing than those which lived a thousand years ago; but the men of this age are much better acquainted with numberless arts and sciences than their remote ancestors; since by the use of speech, and of writing (which is speech addressed to the eye) every age adds its own discoveries to all former ones. This knowledge of the past likewise gives man a great insight into the future. Shakespear excellently defines man by saying that he is a creature "made with large discourse, looking before and after."

C. Animals must surely know something of the future, when they lay up a store of provisions for the winter.

F. No---it is pretty certain that this is not the case, for they will do it as much the first year of their lives as any other. Young bees turned out of a hive, as soon as they have swarmed and got a habitation, begin laying up honey, though they cannot possibly foresee the use they shall have for it. There are a vast number of actions of this kind in animals, which are directed to an useful end, but an end which the animal knows nothing of. And this is what we call, *instinct*, and properly distinguish from rea-

son. Man has less of it than almost any other animal, because he wants it less. Another point of essential difference is that man is the only animal that makes use of *instruments* in any of his actions. He is a *tool-making* and *machine-making* animal. By means of this faculty alone he is every where lord of the creation, and has equally triumphed over the subtlety of the cunning, the swiftness of the fleet, and the force of the strong. He is the only animal that has found out the use of *fire*, a most important acquisition!

C. I have read of some large apes that will come and set round a fire in the woods when men have left it, but have not the sense to keep it in, by throwing on sticks.

F. Still less then could they light a fire. In consequence of this discovery man cooks his food, which no other animal does. He alone fences against the cold by cloathing as well as by fire. He alone cultivates the earth, and keeps living animals for future uses.

C. But have not there been wild men bred in the woods that could do none of these things?

F. Some instances of this kind are recorded, and they are not to be wondered at; for man was meant to be a *gregarious* animal, or one living, in society, in which alone his faculties have full scope, and especially his power of improving by the use of speech. These poor solitary creatures brought up with the brutes, were in a state entirely unnatural to them. A solitary bee, ant, or beaver, would have none of the skill and sagacity of those animals in their proper social condition. Society sharpens all the faculties, and gives ideas and views which

never could have been entertained by an individual.

C. But some men that live in society seem to be little above the brutes, at least when compared to other men. What is a Hottentot in comparison to one of us?

F. The difference, indeed, is great, but we agree in the most essential characters of *man*, and perhaps the advantage is not all on our side. The Hottentot cultivates the earth, and rears cattle. He not only herds with his fellows, but he has instituted some sort of government for the protection of the weak against the strong. He has a notion of right and wrong, and is sensible of the necessity of controuling present appetites and passions for the sake of a future good. He has therefore *morals*. He is possessed of weapons, tools, cloathing, and furniture, of his own making. In agility of body, and the knowledge of various circumstances relative to the nature of animals, he surpasses us. His inferiority lies in those things in which many of the lowest class among us are almost equally inferior to the instructed.

C. But Hottentots have no notion of a God, or a future state.

F. I am not certain how far that is fact; but, alas! how many among us have no knowledge at all on those subjects, or only some vague notions, full of absurdity and superstition! People far advanced in civilization have entertained the grossest errors on those subjects, which are only to be corrected by the serious application of reason, or by a direct revelation from heaven.

C. You said man was an *improveable* creature---but have not many nations been a long time in savage state without improvement?

F. Man is always *capable of improvement*; but he may exist a long time, even in society, without *actually improving* beyond a certain point. There is little improvement among nations who have not the *art of writing*, for tradition is not capable of preserving very accurate or extensive knowledge; and many arts and sciences, after flourishing greatly, have been entirely lost, in countries which have been over-run by barbarous and illiterate nations. Then there is a principle which I might have mentioned as one of those that distinguishes some men from others. This is *curiosity*, or the love of knowledge for its own sake. Most savages have little or nothing of this; but without it we should want one of the chief inducements to exert our faculties. It is curiosity that impels us to search into the properties of every part of nature, to try all sorts of experiments, to visit distant regions, and even to examine the appearances and motions of the heavenly bodies. Every fact thus discovered leads to other facts; and there is no limit to be set to this progress. The time may come, when what we now know may seem as much ignorance to future ages, as the knowledge of early times does to us.

C. What nations now know the most?

F. The Europeans have long been distinguished for superior ardor after knowledge, and they possess beyond all comparison the greatest share of it, whereby they have been enabled to command the rest of the world. The countries in which the arts and sciences most flourish at present, are the northern and middle parts of Europe, and also North America, which, you know, is inhabited by descendants of Europeans. In these countries man may be said to be *most*

man; and they may apply to themselves the poet's boast,

MAN is the nobler growth these realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.

THE LANDLORD'S VISIT,

A DRAMA.

Scene—A room in a farm-house. BETTY, the farmer's wife.
FANNY, a young woman grown up. Children of various
ages differently employed.

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. Good morning to you, Betty.

Betty. Ah!--is it your honour? How do you do sir?---how is madam and all the good family?

L. Very well, thank you; and how are you and all yours?

B. Thank your honour-- all pretty well. Will you please to sit down? Ours is but a little crowded place, but there's a clean corner. Set out the chair for his honour, Mary.

L. I think every thing is very clean. What, John's in the field, I suppose.

B. Yes, Sir, with his two eldest sons, sowing and harrowing.

L. Well--and here are two, three, four, six; all the rest of your stock, I suppose--All as busy as bees!

B. Ay, your honour! These are not times to be idle in. John and I have always worked hard, and we bring up our children to work too. There's none of them except the youngest, but can do something.

L. You do very right. With industry and sobriety there's no fear of their getting a living, come what may. I wish many gentlemen's children had as good a chance.

B. Lord ! Sir, if they have fortunes ready got for them, what need they care ?

L. But fortunes are easier to spend than to get ; and when they are at the bottom of the purse, what must they do to fill it again ?

B. Nay, that's true, Sir ; and we have reason enough to be thankful that we are able and willing to work, and have a good landlord to live under.

L. Good tenants deserve good landlords ; and I have been long acquainted with your value. Come, little folks ; I have brought something for you. *[Takes out cakes.]*

B. Why don't you thank his honour ?

L. I did not think you had a daughter so old as that young woman.

B. No more I have, Sir. She is not my own daughter, though she is as good as one to me.

L. Some relation, then, I suppose.

B. No, Sir, none at all.

L. Who is she, then ?

B. *(Whispering.)* When she is gone out I will tell your honour.--- *(Loud)* Go, Fanny, and take some milk to the young calf in the stable. *[Exit Fanny.]*

L. A pretty modest looking young woman, on my word !

B. Ay, Sir---and as good as she is pretty. You must know, Sir, that this young woman is a stranger, from a great way off. She came here quite by accident, and has lived with us above a twelvemonth. I'll tell your honour all about it, if you choose.

L. Pray do---I am curious to hear it. But first favour me with a draught of your whey.

B. I beg your pardon, Sir, for not offering

it. Run, Mary, and fetch his honour some fresh whey in a clean bason. [Mary goes.]

L. Now pray begin your story.

B. Well, Sir----As our John was coming from work one evening, he saw at some distance on the road a carrier's waggon over-turned. He ran up to help, and found a poor old gentlewoman lying on the bank much hurt, and this girl sitting beside her, crying. My good man, after he had helped in setting the waggon to rights, went to them, and with a good deal of difficulty got the gentlewoman into the waggon again, and walked by the side of it to our house. He called me out, and we got something comfortable for her; but she was so ill that she could not bear to be carried further. So after consulting a while, we took her into the house and put her to bed. Her head was sadly hurt, and she seemed to grow worse instead of better. We got a doctor to her, and did our best to nurse her, but all would not do, and we soon found she was likely to die.

Poor Fanny, her granddaughter, never left her day nor night; and it would have gone to your honour's heart to have heard the pitiful moan she made over her. She was the only friend she had in the world, she said; and what would become of her if she were to lose her? Fanny's father and mother were both dead, and she was going with her grandmother into the north, where the old gentlewoman came from, to live cheap, and try to find out some relations. Well---to make my story short, in a few days the poor woman died. There was little more money about her than would serve to pay the doctor and bury her. Fanny was in sad trouble indeed. I thought she would never have left her grandmother's grave. She cried

and wrung her hands most bitterly. But I tire your honour.

L. O no! I am much interested in your story.

B. We comforted her as well as we could; but all her cry was, What will become of me? Where must I go? Who will take care of me; so after a while, said I to John, Poor creature! my heart grieves for her. Perhaps she would like to stay with us---though she seems to have been brought up in a way of living different from ours, too; --but what can she do, left to herself in the wide world? So my husband agreed that I should ask her. When I mentioned it to her, poor thing! how her countenance altered. O, said she, I wish for nothing so much as to stay and live with you! I am afraid I can do but little to serve you, but indeed I will learn and do my best. Said I, do no more than you like; you are welcome to stay and partake with us as long as you please. Well, Sir! she staid with us; and set about learning to do all kind of our work with such good will, and so handily, that she soon became my best helper. And she is so sweet-tempered, and so fond of us and the children, that I love her as well as if she was my own child. She has been well brought up, I am sure. She can read and write, and work with her needle, a great deal better than we can, and when work is over she teaches the children. Then she is extraordinarily well behaved, so as to be admired by all that see her. So your honour has now the story of our Fanny.

L. I thank you heartily for it, my good Betty. It does much credit both to you and Fanny. But pray what is her surname?

B. It is--let me see--I think it is Welford.

L. Welford! that is a name I am acquainted

with. I should be glad to talk with her a little.

B. I will call her in then.

Enter Fanny.

L. Come hither, young woman. I have heard your story, and been much interested by it. You are an orphan, I find.

F. Yes, Sir; a poor orphan.

L. Your name is Welford?

F. It is, Sir.

L. Where did your parents live?

F. in London, Sir; but they died when I was very young, and I went to my grandmother's in Surry.

L. Was she your father's mother? You will excuse my questions; I do not ask from idle curiosity.

F. She was, Sir; and had been long a widow.

L. Do you know what her maiden name was?

F. It was Borrowdale, Sir.

L. Borrowdale?—And pray whither were you going when the unfortunate accident happened?

F. To Kendal in Westmoreland, Sir, near which my grandmother was born.

L. Ah! 'tis the very same—every circumstance corresponds! My dear Fanny (*taking her hand*) you have found a relation when you little thought of it. I am your kinsman. My mother was a Borrowdale of Westmoreland, and half-sister to your grandmother. I have heard of all your parentage; and I remember the death of your poor father, who was a very honest, ingenious artist; and of your mother soon after, of a broken heart. I could never discover what family they left, nor what was

become of my kinswoman. But I heartily rejoice I have found you out in this extraordinary manner. You must come and live with me. My wife and daughters will be very glad to receive one whose conduct has done her so much credit.

F. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for your kindness; but I am too mean a person to live as a relation in a family like yours.

L. O no! You will not find us of that sort who despise worthy people for being low in the world; and your language and actions show that you have been well brought up.

F. My poor grandmother, Sir, was so kind as to give me all the education in her power; and if I have not somewhat benefited by her example and instructions, it must have been my own fault.

L. You speak very well, and I feel more attached to you the more I hear you—Well you must prepare to come home with me. I will take care to make proper acknowledgements to the good people here who have been so kind to you.

B. My dear Fanny, I am heartily glad of your good fortune, but we shall all be sorry to part with you.

F. I am sure, my dear friend and mistress, I shall be sorry too. You received me when I had no other friend in the world, and have treated me like your own child. I can never forget what I owe you.

Enter John, and his eldest son, Thomas.

John. Is your honour here?

L. Yes, John; and I have found somewhat worth coming for.

J. What is that, Sir?

L. A relation John. This young woman,

whom you have so kindly entertained, is my kinswoman.

F. What---our Fanny?

Thomas. Fanny!

L. Yes, indeed. And, after thanking you for your kindness to her and her poor grandmother, I mean to take her home for a companion to my wife and daughters.

F. This is wonderful news indeed! Well, Fanny, I am very glad you have got such a home to go to---you are worthy of it---but we shall miss you much here.

B. So I have been telling her.

T. (*aside to Fanny*). What, will you leave us, Fanny? Must we part?

F. (*aside to him*). What can I do Thomas?

L. There seems some unwillingness to part, I see, on more sides than one.

B. Indeed. Sir, I believe there is. We have lived very happily together.

T. (*aside to Fanny*). I see we must part with you, but I hope---Surely you won't quite forget us.

F. (*to him*) You distress me, Thomas. Forget you! O no!

L. Come---I see there is something between the young folks that ought to be spoken about plainly. Do you explain it, Betty.

B. Why, your honour knows we could not tell that Fanny was your relation. So as my son Thomas and she seemed to take a liking to one another, and she was such a good clever girl, we did not object to their thinking about making a match of it, as soon as he should be settled in a farm.

F. But that must be over now.

T. Why so, father?

J. Why you can't think of his honour's kinswoman.

L. Come, Fanny, do you decide this affair.

F. Sir, Thomas offered me his service when he thought me a poor friendless girl; and I might think myself favoured by his notice. He gained my good-will, which no change of circumstances can make me withdraw. It is my determination to join my lot with his, be it what it may.

T. My dearest Fanny!

[Taking her hand.]

L. You act nobly, my dear girl, and make me proud of my relation. You shall have my free consent, and something handsome into the bargain.

B. Heaven bless your honour! I know it would have been a heart-breaking to my poor boy to have parted with her. Dear Fanny!

[Kisses her]

L. I have a farm just now vacant, Thomas shall take it, and Fanny's portion shall stock it for him.

T. I humbly thank your honour.

J. I thank you, too, Sir, for us all.

F. Sir, since you have been so indulgent in this matter, give me leave to request you to be satisfied with my paying my duty to the ladies, without going to live in a way so different from what I have been used to do, and must live in hereafter. I think I can be no-where better than with my friends and future parents here.

L. Your request, Fanny, has so much propriety and good sense in it, that I cannot refuse it. However, you must suffer us to improve our acquaintance. I assure you it will give me particular pleasure.

F. Sir, you will always command my most grateful obedience.

L. Well---let Thomas bring you to my house this afternoon, and I will introduce you to your relations, and we will talk over matters. Farewell, my dear! Nay I must have a kiss.

F. I will wait on you, Sir. *[Exit Landlord]*

B. My dear Fanny---daughter I may now call you---you cannot think how much I feel obliged to you.

T. But who is obliged so much as I am?

F. Do you not all deserve every thing from me?

Y. Well, who could have thought when I went to help up the waggon, that it would have brought so much good luck to us.

B. A good deed is never lost, they say.

F. It shall be the business of my life to prove that this has not been lost.

TIT FOR TAT,

A TALE.

A LAW there is of ancient fame,
By Nature's self in every land implanted;

Lex Talionis is its Latin name;

But if an English term be wanted;

Give your next neighbour but a pat,

He'll give you back as good, and tell you---TIT FOR TAT.

This tit for tat, it seems, not men alone,

But Elephants for legal justice own;

In proof of this a story I shall tell ye,

Imported from the famous town of Delhi.

A mighty Elephant that swell'd the state,

Of Aurengzebe the Great,

One day was taken by his driver,

To drink and cool him in the river.

The driver on his neck was seated,

And as he rode along

By some acquaintance in the throng,
 With a ripe cocoa-nut was treated.
 A cocoa-nut's a pretty fruit enough,
 But guarded by a shell, both hard and tough.

The fellow tried, and tried, and tried,
 Working and sweating,
 Pishing and fretting,
 To find out its inside,
 And pick the kernel for his eating.

At length, quite out of patience grown,
 "Who'll reach me up (he cries) a stone
 To break this plaguy shell?"

But stay, I've here a solid bone,
 May do, perhaps, as well."

So half in earnest, half in jest,
 He bang'd it on the forehead of his beast.

An Elephant, they say, has human feeling,
 And full as well as we, he knows,

The difference between words and blows,
 Between horse-play and civil dealing.

Use 'm but well, he'll do his best,
 And serve you faithfully and truly,

But insults unprovok'd he can't digest,
 He studies o'er them and repays them duly.

"To make my head an anvil (thought the creature)
 Was never, certainly, the will of nature;

So, master mine, you may repent."
 Then, shaking his broad ears, away he went.

The driver took him to the water,
 And thought no more about the matter;

But Elephant within his mem'ry hid it;
 He felt the wrong—the other only bid it.

A week or two elaps'd, one market-day,
 Again the beast and driver took their way;

Thro' rows of shops and booths they pass,
 With eatables and trinkets stor'd,

Till to a gard'ner's stall they came at last,
 Where cocoa-nuts lay pil'd upon the board.

Ha! thought the Elephant, 'tis now my turn,
 To shew this method of nut-breaking;

My friend above will like to learn,
 Tho' at the cost of a head-aching.

Then in his curling trunk he took a heap,
 And wav'd it o'er his neck with sudden sweep,

And on the hapless driver's sconece,
 He laid a blow so hard and full.

That crack'd the nuts at once,
 But with them crack'd his skull.
 Young folks, whene'er you feel inclin'd,
 To rompish sports and freedoms rough,
 Bear tit for tat in mind,
 Nor give an Elephant a cuff,
 To be repaid in kind.

TWELFTH EVENING.

ON WINE AND SPIRITS.

GEORGE and Harry, accompanied by their Tutor, went one day to pay a visit to a neighbouring gentleman, their father's friend. They were very kindly received, and shewn all about the gardens and pleasure grounds; but nothing took their fancy so much as an extensive grape-vine hung round with bunches of various kinds fully ripe, and almost too big for the vines to support. They were liberally treated with the fruit, and carried away some bunches to eat as they walked. During their return, as they were picking their grapes, said George to the Tutor, A thought is just come into my head, Sir. Wine, you know, is called the juice of the grape; but wine is hot, and intoxicates people that drink much of it. Now we have had a gooddeal of grape juice this morning, and yet I do not feel heated, nor does it seem at all to have got into our heads. What is the reason of this?

Tut. The reason is, that grape-juice is not wine, though wine is made from it.

G. Pray how is it made, then?

T. I will tell you; for it is a matter worth knowing. The juice pressed from grapes, called *must*, is at first a sweet watery liquor, with a little tartness, but with no strength or spirit. After it has stood a while, it begins to

grow thick and muddy, it moves up and down, and throws scum and bubbles of air to the surface. This is called *working* or *fermenting*. It continues in this state for some time, more or less, according to the quality of the juice and the temperature of the weather, and then gradually settles again, becoming clearer than at first. It has now lost its sweet flat taste, and acquired a briskness and pungency, with a heating and intoxicating property; that is, it has become *wine*. This natural process is called the *vinous fermentation*; and many liquors besides grape juice are capable of undergoing it.

G. I have heard of the working of beer and ale. Is that of the same kind?

T. It is; and beer and ale may properly be called barley-wine; for you know they are clear, brisk, and intoxicating. In the same manner, cyder is apple-wine and mead is honey-wine; and you have heard of raisin and currant wine, and a great many others.

Har. Yes, there is elder-wine and cowslip-wine; and orange-wine.

G. Will every thing of that sort make wines?

T. All vegetable juices that are sweet are capable of fermenting, and of producing a liquor of a vinous nature; but if they have little sweetness, the liquor is proportionally weak and poor, and is apt to become sour or vapid.

H. But barley is not sweet.

T. Barley as it comes from the ear is not; but before it is used for brewing, it is made into *malt*, and then it is sensibly sweet. You know what malt is?

H. I have seen heaps of it in the malt house, but I do not know how it is made.

T. Barley is made malt by putting it in heaps and wetting it, when it becomes hot, and swells;

and would sprout out, just as if it were sown, unless it were then dried in a kiln. By this operation it acquires a sweet taste. You have drank sweetwort?

H. Yes.

T. Well---this is made by steeping malt in hot water. The water extracts and dissolves all the sweet or sugary part of the malt. It then becomes like a naturally sweet juice.

G. Would not sugar and water make wine?

T. It would; and the wines made in England of our common fruits and flowers have all a good deal of sugar in them. Cowslip flowers, for example, give little more than the flavour to the wine named from them, and it is the sugar added to them which properly makes the wine.

G. But none of these wines are so good as grape-wine.

T. No. The grape, from the richness and abundance of its juice, is the fruit universally preferred for making wine, where it comes to perfection, which it seldom does in our climate except by means of artificial heat.

H. I suppose, then, grapes are finest in the hottest countries.

T. Not so, neither: they are properly a fruit of the temperate zone, and do not grow well between the tropics. And in very hot countries it is scarcely possible to make wines of any kind to keep, for they ferment so strongly as to turn sour almost immediately.

G. I think I have heard of palm-wine on the coast of Guinea.

T. Yes. A sweet juice flows abundantly from incisions in certain species of the palm, which ferments immediately; and makes a very pleasant sort of weak wine. But it must be

drank the same day it is made, for on the next it is as sour as vinegar.

G. What is Vinegar---is it not four wine?

T. Every thing that makes wine will make vinegar also; and the stronger the wine the stronger the vinegar. The vinous fermentation must be first brought on, but it need not produce the perfect wine; for when the intention is to make vinegar, the liquor is still kept warm and it goes on without stopping to another kind of fermentation, called the *acetous*, the product of which is vinegar.

G. I have heard of *alegar*. I suppose that is vinegar made of ale.

T. It is---but as ale is not so strong as wine, the vinegar made from it is not so sharp or perfect. But house-wives make good vinegar with sugar and water.

H. Will vinegar make people drunk if they take too much of it?

T. No. The wine loses its intoxicating quality as well as its taste, on turning to vinegar.

G. What are spirituous liquors---have not they something to do with wine?

T. Yes. They consist of the spirituous or intoxicating part of wine separated from the rest. You may remember that on talking of distillation, I told you that it was the raising of a liquor in steam or vapour, and condensing it again; and that some liquors were more easily turned to vapour than others, and were therefore called more volatile or evaporable. Now, wine is a mixed or compound liquor, of which the greater part is water, but what heats and intoxicates is *vinous spirit*. This spirit, being much more volatile than water, on the application of a gentle heat, flies off in vapour, and

may be collected by itself in distilling vessels :
— and thus are made spirituous liquors.

G. Will every thing that you called wine, yield spirits ?

T. Yes ; every thing that has undergone the vinous fermentation. Thus, in England, a great deal of malt spirit is made from a kind of wort brought into fermentation, and then set directly to distil, without first making ale or beer of it. Gin is a spirituous liquor also got from corn, and flavoured with juniper berries. Even potatoes, carrots, and turnips, may be made to afford spirits, by first fermenting their juices. In the West Indies rum is distilled from the dregs of the sugar canes washed out by water and fermented. But brandy is distilled from the fermented juice of the grape, and is made in the wine countries.

G. Is spirits of wine different from spirituous liquors ?

T. It is the strongest part of them got by distilling over again ; for all these still contain a good deal of water, along with a pure spirit, which may be separated by a gentler heat than was used at first. But in order to procure this as strong and pure as possible, it must be distilled several times over, always leaving some of the watery part behind. When perfectly pure, it is the same, whatever spirituous liquor it is got from.

H. My mamma has little bottles of lavender water. What is that ?

T. It is spirit of wine flavoured with lavender flowers ; and it may in like manner be flavoured with many other fragrant things, since their odoriferous part is volatile, and will rise in vapour along with the spirit.

H. Will not spirits of wine burn violently ?

G. That it will, I can tell you; and so will um and brandy, for you know it was set on fire when we made snap-dragon.

T. All spirituous liquors are highly inflammable, and the more so the purer they are. One way of trying the purity of spirit is to see if it will burn all away without leaving any moisture behind. Then it is much lighter than water; and that affords another way of judging of its strength. A hollow ivory ball is set to swim in it; and the deeper it sinks down, the lighter and therefore the more spirituous is the liquor.

G. I have heard much of the mischief done by spirituous liquors.—pray what good do they do?

T. The use and abuse of wine and spirits is a very copious subject; and there is scarcely any gift of human art the general effects of which are more dubious. You know what wine is said to be given for in the bible.

G. To make glad the heart of man.

T. Right. And nothing has such an immediate effect in inspiring vigour of body and mind as wine. It banishes sorrow and care, recruits from fatigue, enlivens the fancy, inflames the courage, and performs a hundred fine things, of which I could bring you abundant proof from the poets. The physicians, too, speak almost as much in its favour, both in diet and medicine. But its really good effects are only when used in moderation; and unfortunately is one of those things which man can hardly be brought to use moderately. Excess in wine brings on effects the very contrary to its benefits. It stupifies and enfeebles the mind, and fills the body with incurable diseases. And this it does even when used without intoxication. But a drunken man loses for the time every distinction of a reasonable

creature, and becomes worse than a brute beast. On this account, Mahomet entirely forbid its use to his followers, and to this day it is not publickly drank in any of the countries that receive the Mahometan religion.

H. Was not that right?

T. I think not. If we were entirely to renounce every thing that may be misused, we should have scarce any enjoyments left; and it is a proper exercise of our strength of mind, to use good things with moderation, when we have it in our power to do otherwise.

G. But spirituous liquors are not good at all; are they?

T. They have so little good and so much bad in them, that I confess I wish their common use could be abolished altogether. They are generally taken by the lowest class of people for the express purpose of intoxication; and they are much sooner prejudicial to the health than wine, and indeed, when drunk unmixed, are no better than slow poison.

G. Spirit of wine is useful, though, for several things—is it not?

T. Yes; and I would have all spirits kept in the hands of chymists and artists who know how to employ them usefully. Spirit of wine will dissolve many things that water will not. Apothecaries use them in drawing tinctures, and artists in preparing colours and making varnishes. They are likewise very powerful preservatives from corruption. You may have seen serpents and insects brought from abroad in phials full of spirits.

G. I have.

H. And I know of another use of spirits.

T. What is that?

H. To burn in lamps. My grand-mamma

has a tea-kettle with a lamp under it to keep the water hot, and she burns spirits in it.

T. So she does. Well--so much for the uses of these liquors.

G. But you have said nothing about ale and beer. Are they wholesome?

T. Yes, in moderation. But they are sadly abused, too, and rob many of their health as well as their money and senses.

G. Small beer does no harm, however.

T. No--and we will indulge in a good draught of it when we get home.

H. I like water better.

T. Then drink it by all means. He that is satisfied with water has one want the less, and may defy thirst, in this country, at least.

THE BOY WITHOUT A GENIUS.

MR. Wiseman, the schoolmaster, at the end of his summer vacation, received a new scholar with the following letter:

SIR, This will be delivered to you by my son Samuel, whom I beg leave to commit to your care, hoping that by your well-known skill and attention you will be able to make something of him; which, I am sorry to say, none of his masters have hitherto done. He is now eleven, and yet can do nothing but read his mother tongue, and that but indifferently. We sent him at seven to a grammar school in our neighbourhood; but his master soon found that his genius was not turned to learning languages. He was then put to writing, but he set about it so awkwardly that he made nothing of it. He was tried at accounts, but it appeared that he had no genius for that, neither. He could do nothing in geography for want of memory. In

short, if he has any genius at all, it does not shew itself. But I trust to your experience in cases of this nature to discover what he is fit for, and to instruct him accordingly. I beg to be favoured shortly with your opinion about him, and remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
HUMPHRY ACRES.

When Mr. Wiseman had read his letter, he shook his head, and said to his assistant, A pretty subject they have sent us here! A lad that has a great genius for nothing at all. But perhaps my friend Mr. Acres expects that a boy should shew a genius for a thing before he knows any thing about it---no uncommon error! Let us see, however, what the youth looks like. I suppose he is a human creature, at least.

Master Samuel Acres was now called in. He came hanging down his head, and looking as if he was going to be flogged.

Come hither, my dear! said Mr. Wiseman---Stand by me, and do not be afraid. Nobody will hurt you. How old are you?

Eleven last May, Sir.

A well-grown boy of your age, indeed. You love play, I dare say.

Yes, Sir.

What, are you a good hand at marbles?

Pretty good, Sir.

And can spin a top, and drive a hoop, I suppose.

Yes, Sir.

Then you have the full use of your hands and fingers?

Yes, Sir.

Can you write, Samuel?

I learned a little, Sir, but I left it off again.

And why so?

Because I could not make the letters.

No! Why how do you think other boys do?
---have they more fingers than you?

No, Sir.

Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?

Samuel was silent.

Let me look at your hand.

Samuel held out both his paws, like a dancing bear.

I see nothing here to hinder you from writing as well as any boy in the school. You can read, I suppose.

Yes, Sir.

Tell me then what is written over the school-room door.

Samuel with some hesitation read,

WHATEVER MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO.
Pray how did you learn to read? -- Was it not with taking pains?

Yes, Sir.

Well--taking more pains will enable you to read better. Do you know any thing of the Latin grammar?

No, Sir.

Have you never learned it?

I tried, Sir, but I could not get it by heart.

Why, you can say some things by heart. I dare say you can tell me the names of the days of the week in their order.

Yes, Sir, I know them.

And the months in the year, perhaps.

Yes, Sir.

And you could probably repeat the names of your brothers and sisters, and all your father's servants, and half the people in the village besides.

I believe I could, Sir.

Well---and is *hic, hac, hoc*, more difficult to remember than these?

Samuel was silent.

Have you learned any thing of accounts?

I went into addition, Sir, but I did not go on with it.

Why so?

I could not do it, Sir.

How many marbles can you buy for a penny?

Twelve new ones, Sir.

And how many for a halfpenny?

Six.

And how many for two-pence?

Twenty-four.

If you were to have a penny day, what would that make in a week?

Seven-pence.

But if you paid two-pence out of that, what would you have left.

Samuel studied a while, and then said, five-pence.

Right. Why here you have been practising the four great rules of arithmetic, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Learning accounts is no more than this. Well, Samuel, I see what you are fit for. I shall set you about nothing but what you are able to do; but observe, you *must* do it. We have no *I can't* here. Now go among your schoolfellows.

Samuel went away, glad that his examination was over, and with more confidence in his powers than he had felt before.

The next day he began business. A boy less than himself was called out to set him a copy of letters, and another was appointed to hear him grammar. He read a few sentences in English that he could perfectly understand, to the

master himself. Thus by going on steadily and slowly, he made a sensible progress. He had already joined his letters, got all the declensions perfectly, and half the multiplication table, when Mr. Wiseman thought it time to answer his father's letter; which he did as follows.

SIR,

I now think it right to give you some information concerning your son. You perhaps expected it sooner, but I always wish to avoid hasty judgments. You mentioned in your letter that it had not yet been discovered what way his genius pointed. If by *genius* you meant such a decided bent of mind to any one pursuit as will lead to excel with little or no labour or instruction, I must say that I have not met with such a quality in more than three or four boys in my life, and your son is certainly not among the number. But if you mean only the *ability* to do some of those things which the greater part of mankind can do when properly taught, I can affirm that I find in him no peculiar deficiency. And whether you choose to bring him up to trade or to some practical profession, I see no reason to doubt that he may in time become sufficiently qualified for it. It is my favourite maxim, Sir, that every thing most valuable in this life may generally be acquired by taking pains for it. Your son has already lost much time in the fruitless expectation of finding out what he would take up of his own accord. Believe me, Sir, few boys will take up any thing of their own accord but a top or a marble. I will take care while he is with me that he loses no more time this way, but is employed about things that are fit for him, not doubting that we shall find him fit for them.

I am, Sir, yours. &c.

SOLON WISEMAN.

Though the doctrine of this letter did not perfectly agree with Mr. Acres' notions, yet being convinced that Mr. Wiseman was more likely to make something of his son than any of his former preceptors, he continued him at this school for some years, and had the satisfaction to find him going on in a steady course of gradual improvement. In due time a profession was chosen for him, which seemed to suit his temper and talents, but for which he had no *particular turn*, having never thought at all about it. He made a respectable figure in it, and went through the world with credit and usefulness, though *without a genius*.

HALF-A-CROWN'S WORTH.

VALENTINE was in his thirteenth year, and a scholar in one of our great schools. He was a well-disposed boy, but could not help envying a little some of his companions who had a larger allowance of money than himself. He ventured in a letter to sound his father on the subject, not directly asking for a particular sum, but mentioning that many of the boys in his class had half a-crown a week for pocket-money.

His father, who did not choose to comply with his wishes for various reasons, nor yet to refuse him in a mortifying manner, wrote an answer, the chief purpose of which was to make him sensible what sort of a sum half-a-crown a week was, and to how many more important uses it might be put, than to provide a school-boy with things absolutely superfluous to him.

It is calculated (said he) that a grown man may be kept in health and fit for labour upon a pound and a half of good bread a day. Suppose the value of this to be twopence halfpenny,

and add a penny for a quart of milk, which will greatly improve his diet. Half-a-crown will keep him eight or nine days in this manner.

A common labourer's wages in our country are seven shillings per week, and if you add somewhat extraordinary for harvest work, this will not make it amount to three half-crowns on an average the year round. Suppose his wife and children to earn another half-crown. For this ten shillings per week he will maintain himself, his wife, and half-a-dozen children, in food, lodging, cloathes, and fuel. A half-crown then, may be reckoned the full weekly maintenance of two human creatures in every thing necessary.

Where potatoes are much cultivated, two bushels, weighing eighty pounds a piece, may be purchased for half-a-crown. Here is one hundred and sixty pounds of solid food, of which, allowing for the waste in dressing, you may reckon two pounds and a half sufficient for the sole daily nourishment of one person. At this rate, nine people might be fed a week for half-a-crown; poorly indeed, but so as many thousands are fed, with the addition of a little salt, or buttermilk.

If the father of a numerous family were out of work, or the mother lying-in, a parish would think half-a-crown a week a very ample assistance to them.

Many of the cottagers round us would receive with great thankfulness a sixpenny loaf per week, and reckon it a very material addition to their children's bread. For half-a-crown, therefore you might purchase---the weekly blessings of five poor families.

Porter is a sort of luxury to a poor man, but not an useless one, since it will stand in the place

of some solid food, and enable him to work with better heart. You could treat a hard-working man with a quart a day of this liquor for a fortnight, with half-a-crown.

Many a cottage in the country inhabited by a large family is let for forty shillings a year. Half-a-crown a week would pay the full rent of three such cottages, and allow somewhat over for repairs.

The usual price for schooling at a dame-school in a village is two-pence a week. You might therefore get fifteen children instructed in reading and the girls in sewing, for half-a-crown weekly. But even in a town you might get them taught reading, writing, and accounts, and so fitted for any common trade, for five shillings a quarter; and therefore, half-a-crown a week would keep six children at such a school, and provide them with books besides.

All these are ways in which half-a-crown a week might be made to do a great deal of good to others. I shall now just mention one or two ways of laying it out with advantage to yourself.

I know you are very fond of coloured plates of plants, and other objects of natural history. There are now several works of this sort publishing in monthly numbers, as the Botanical magazine, the English botany, the Flora Rustica and the Naturalist's Magazine. Now half-a-crown a week would reach the purchase of all the best of these.

The same sum laid out in the old book shops in London would buy you more classics, and pretty editions too, in one year, than you could read in five.

Now I do not grudge laying out half-a-crown a week upon you; but when so many good

things for yourself and others may be done with it, I am unwilling you should squander it away like your school-fellows, in tarts and trinkets.

THE RAT WITH A BELL,

A FABLE.

A large old house in the country was so extremely infested with rats, that nothing could be secured from their depredations. They scaled the walls to attack fitches of bacon; though hung as high as the cieling. Hanging shelves afforded no protection to the cheese and pastry. They penetrated by sap into the store-room, and plundered it of preserves and sweet-meats. They gnawed through cupboard doors, undermined floors, and ran races behind the wainscots. The cats could not get at them; they were too cunning and too well fed to meddle with poison; and traps only now and then caught a heedless straggler. One of these, however, on being taken, was the occasion of practising a new device. This was, to fasten a collar with a small bell about the prisoner's neck, and then turn him loose again.

Overjoyed at the recovery of his liberty, the rat ran into the nearest hole, and went in search of his companions. They heard at a distance the bell tinkle, tinkle, through the dark passages, and suspecting some enemy had got among them, away they scoured, some one way and some another. The bell-bearer pursued; and soon guessing the cause of their flight, he was greatly amused by it. Wherever he approached, it was all hurry-scurry, and not a tail of one of them was to be seen. He chased his old friends from hole to hole, and room to room, laughing all the while at their fears, and

increasing them by all the means in his power. Presently he had the whole house to himself. "That's right, (quoth he) the fewer, the better cheer." So he rioted alone among the good things, and stuffed till he could hardly walk.

For two or three days this course of life went on very pleasantly. He eat, and eat, and played the bugbear to perfection. At length he grew tired of this lonely condition, and longed to mix with his companions again upon the former footing. But the difficulty was, how to get rid of his bell. He pulled and tugged with his fore-feet, and almost wore the skin off his neck in the attempt, but all in vain. The bell was now his plague and torment. He wandered from room to room, earnestly desiring to make himself known to one of his companions, but they all kept out of his reach. At last, as he was moping about disconsolate, he fell in puss's way, and was devoured in an instant.

He who is raised so much above his fellow creatures as to be the object of their terror, must suffer for it in losing all the comforts of society. He is a solitary being in the midst of crowds. He keeps them at a distance, and they equally shun him. Dread and affection cannot subsist together.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

TRIAL*

Of a Complaint made against sundry persons for breaking the windows of *DOROTHY CAREFUL*, Widow, and Dealer in Gingerbread.

THE court being sat, there appeared in person the Widow *Dorothy Careful*, to make a complaint against *Henry Luckless*, and other person or persons unknown, for breaking three panes of glass, value ninepence, in the house of the said widow. Being directed to tell her case to the court, she made a curtesy, and began as follows:

" Please your lordship, I was sitting at work by my fireside, between the hours of six and seven in the evening, just as it was growing dusk, and little Jack was spinning beside me, when all at once crack went the window, and down fell a little basket of cakes that was set up against it. I started up, and cried to Jack, Bless me, what's the matter! So says Jack, Somebody has thrown a stone and broke the window, and I dare say it is some of the school-boys. With that I ran out of the house and saw some boys making off as fast as they could go. So I ran after them as quick as my old legs would carry me; but I should never have come near them, if one had not happened to fall down. Him I caught, and brought back to my house; when Jack knew him at once to be Master Harry Luckless.

So I told him I would complain of him the next day; and I hope your worship will make

* This was meant as a sequel of that very pleasing and ingenious little work, *JUVENILE TRIALS*, in which a court of justice is supposed to be instituted in a boarding-school, composed of the scholars themselves, for the purpose of trying offences committed at school.

him pay the damage, and I think he deserves a good whipping into the bargain, for injuring a poor widow woman."

The Judge having heard Mrs Careful's story, desired her to sit down: and then, calling up master Luckless, asked him what he had to say for himself. Luckless appeared, with his face a good deal scratched, and looking very ruefully. After making his bow, and sobbing two or three times, he said:

"My lord, I am as innocent of this matter as any boy in the school, and I am sure I have suffered enough about it already. My lord, Billy Thompson and I were playing in the lane near Mrs. Careful's house, when we heard the window crash; and directly after she came running out towards us. Upon this, Billy ran away, and I ran too, thinking I might bear the blame. But after running a little way, I stumbled over something that lay in the road, and before I could get up again, she overtook me, and caught me by the hair, and began lugging and cuffing me. I told her it was not I that broke her window, but it did not signify; so she dragged me to the light, lugging and scratching me all the while, and then said she would inform against me; and that is all I know of the matter."

Judge. I find, good woman, you were willing to revenge yourself, without waiting for the justice of this court.

W. C. My lord, I confess I was put into a passion, and did not properly consider what I was doing.

J. Well, where is Billy Thompson?

B. Here, my lord.

J. You have heard what Harry Luckless says.

Declare, upon your honour, whether he has spoken the truth.

B. My lord, I am sure neither he nor I, had any concern in breaking the windows. We were standing together at the time; and I ran on hearing the door open, for fear of being charged with it, and he followed. But what became of him, I did not stay to see.

Y. So, you let your friend shift for himself, and only thought of saving yourself. But did you see any other person about the house, or in the lane?

B. My lord I thought I heard somebody on the other side of the hedge creeping along a little before the window was broken, but I saw nobody.

Y. You hear, good woman, what is alledged in behalf of the person you have accused. Have you any other evidence against him?

W. C. One might be sure that they would deny it, and tell lies for one another; but I hope I am not to be put off in that manner.

Y. I must tell you, mistress, that you give too much liberty to your tongue, and are guilty of as much injustice as that of which you complain. I should be sorry indeed, if the young gentlemen of this school deserved the general character of liars. You will find among us, I hope, as just a sense of what is right and honourable, as among those who are older; and our worthy master certainly would not permit us to try offences in this manner, if he thought us capable of bearing false witness in each other's favour.

W. C. I ask your lordship's pardon, I did not mean to offend; but it is a heavy loss for a poor woman, and though I did not catch the

boy in the fact, he was the nearest when it was done.

J. As that is no more than a suspicion, and he has the positive evidence of his school-fellow in his favour, it will be impossible to convict him, consistently with the rules of justice. Have you discovered any other circumstance that may point out the offender?

W. C. My lord, next morning Jack found on the floor this top, which I suppose the window was broke with.

J. Hand it up.---Here, gentlemen of the jury, please to examine it, and see if you can discover any thing of its owner.

Jur. Here is P. R. cut upon it.

Another. Yes, and I am sure I recollect Peter Riot's having just such an one.

Another. So do I.

Judge. Master Riot, is this your top?

Riot. I don't know, my lord, perhaps it may be mine; I have had a great many tops, and when I have done with them, I throw them away, and any body may pick them up that pleases. You see it has lost its peg.

J. Very well, sir. Mrs. Careful, you may retire.

W. C. And must I have no amends, my lord?

J. Have patience. Leave every thing to the court. We shall do you all the justice in our power. As soon as the widow was gone, the Judge rose from his seat, and with much solemnity thus addressed the assembly:

Gentlemen---this business, I confess, gives me much dissatisfaction. A poor woman has been insulted, and injured in her property, apparently without provocation; and though she has not been able to convict the offender, it cannot be

doubted that she, as well as the world in general, will impute the crime to some of our society. Though I am in my own mind convinced that in her passion she charged an innocent person, yet the circumstance of the top is a strong suspicion, indeed almost a proof, that the perpetrator of this unmanly mischief was one of our body. The owner of the top has justly observed that its having been his property is no certain proof against him. Since, therefore, in the present defect of evidence, the whole school must remain burthened with the discredit of this action, and share in the guilt of it, I think fit, in the first place, to decree that restitution shall be made to the sufferer out of the public chest; and next, that a court of inquiry be instituted, for the express purpose of searching thoroughly into this affair, with power to examine all persons upon honour, who are thought likely to be able to throw a light upon it. I hope, gentlemen, these measures meet with your concurrence.

The whole court bowed to the Judge and expressed their entire satisfaction with his determination.

It was then ordered, that the public treasurer should go to the Widow Careful's house, and pay her the sum of one shilling, making at the same time a handsome apology in the name of the school. And six persons were taken by lot out of the jury to compose the court of inquiry, which was to sit in the evening.

The court then adjourned.

On the meeting of the court of enquiry, the first thing proposed by the President was, that the persons who usually played with Master Riot should be sent for. Accordingly Tom Frisk and Bob Loiter were summoned, when

the President asked them upon their honour if they knew the top to have been Riot's. They said they did. They were then asked whether they remembered when Riot had it in his possession?

Fri/h. He had it the day before yesterday, and split a top of mine with it.

Loiter. Yes, and then, as he was making a stroke at mine, the peg flew out.

Pre. What did he then do with it?

F. He put it into his pocket, and said, as it was a strong top, he would have it mended.

P. Then he did not throw it away, or give it to any body?

L. No; he pocketted it up, and we saw no more of it.

P. Do you know of any quarrel he had with the Widow Careful?

R. Yes; a day or two before he went to her shop for some gingerbread; but as he already owed her sixpence, she would not let him have any till he paid his debts.

P. How did he take this disappointment?

F. He said he would be revenged on her.

P. Are you sure he used such words?

F. Yes, Loiter heard him as well as myself.

L. I did, Sir.

P. Do either of you know any more of this affair.

Both. No, Sir.

P. You may go.

The President now observed, that these witnesses had done a great deal in establishing proofs against Riot; for it was now pretty certain that no one but himself could have been in possession of the top at the time the crime was committed; and also it appeared, that he had declared a malicious intention against the wo-

man, which it was highly probable he would put in execution.---As the court was debating about the next step to be taken, they were acquainted that Jack, the widow's son, was waiting at the school door for admission; and a person being sent out for him, Riot was found threatening the boy, and bidding him go home about his business. The boy was however conveyed safely into the room, when he thus addressed himself to the President.

Jack. Sir, an please your worship, as I was looking about this morning for sticks in the hedge over against our house, I found this buckle. So I thought to myself, sure this must belong to the rascal that broke our windows. So I have brought it to see if any body in the school would own it.

P. On which side of the hedge did you find it?

J. On the other side from our house, in the close.

P. Let us see it. Gentlemen, this is so smart a buckle, that I am sure I remember it at once, and so I dare say you all do?

All. It is Riot's.

P. Has any body observed Riot's shoes to-day?

One Boy. Yes, he has got them tied with strings.

P. Very well, Gentlemen; we have nothing more to do, than to draw up an account of all the evidence we have heard, and lay it before his lordship. Jack, you may go home.

J. Pray, Sir, let somebody go with me, for I am afraid of Riot, who has just been threatening me at the door.

P. Master Bold will please to go along with the boy.

The minutes of the court were then drawn up, and the President took them to the Judge's chamber. After the Judge had perused them, he ordered an indictment to be drawn up against Peter Riot, "for that he meanly, clandestinely, and with malice afore-thought, had broken three panes in the window of Widow Careful, with a certain instrument called a top, whereby he had committed an atrocious injury on an innocent person, and had brought a disgrace upon the society to which he belonged."

At the same time, he sent an officer to inform Master Riot that his trial would come on the next morning.

Riot, who was with some of his gay companions, affected to treat the matter with great indifference, and even to make a jest of it. However, in the morning he thought it best to endeavour to make it up; and accordingly, when the court was assembled, he sent one of his friends with a shilling, saying that he would not trouble them with any further enquiries, but would pay the sum that had been issued out of the public stock. On the receipt of this message, the Judge rose with much severity in his countenance, and observing, that by such a contemptuous behaviour towards the court the criminal had greatly added to his offence, he ordered two officers with their slaves immediately to go and bring in Riot, and to use force, if he should resist them. The culprit, thinking it best to submit, was presently led in between the two officers; when being placed at the bar the Judge thus addressed him:

"I am sorry, Sir, that any member of this society can be so little sensible of the nature of a crime, and so little acquainted with the principles of a court of justice, as you have shewn

yourself to be, by the proposal you took the improper liberty of sending to us. If you meant it as a confession of your guilt, you certainly ought to have waited to receive from us the penalty we thought proper to inflict, and not to have imagined that an offer of the mere payment of damages would satisfy the claims of justice against you. If you had only broken the window by accident, and on your own accord offered restitution, nothing less than the full damages could have been accepted. But you now stand charged with having done this mischief, meanly, secretly, and maliciously, and thereby have added a great deal of criminal intention to the act. Can you then think that a court like this, designed to watch over the morals, as well as protect the properties, of our community, can so slightly pass over such aggravated offences? You can claim no merit from confessing the crime, now that you know so much evidence will appear against you. And if you choose still to plead not guilty, you are at liberty to do it, and we will proceed immediately to the trial, without taking any advantage of the confession implied by your offer of payment."

Riot stood silent for some time, and then begged to be allowed to consult with his friends, what was best for him to do. This was agreed to, and he was permitted to retire, though under guard of an officer. After a short absence, he returned with more humility in his looks, and said that he pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the court. The Judge then made a speech of some length, for the purpose of convincing the prisoner, as well as the bystanders, of the enormity of the crime. He then pronounced the following sentence :

" You, Peter Riot, are hereby sentenced to pay the sum of half-a-crown to the public treasury, as a satisfaction for the mischief you have done, and your attempt to conceal it. You are to repair to the house of Widow Careful, accompanied by such witnesses as we shall appoint, and there, having first payed her the sum you owe her, you shall ask her pardon for the insult you offered her. You shall likewise, to-morrow, after school stand up in your place, and before all the scholars ask pardon for the disgrace you have been the means of bringing upon the society; and in particular, you shall apologise to Master Luckless, for the disagreeable circumstance you were the means of bringing him into. Till all this is complied with, you shall not presume to come into the playground, or join in any of the diversions of the school; and all persons are hereby admonished not to keep you company till this is done."

Riot was then dismissed to his room; and in the afternoon he was taken to the widow's, who was pleased to receive his submission graciously, and at the same time to apologise for her own improper treatment of Master Luckless, to whom she sent a present of a nice ball by way of amends.

Thus ended this important business.

THE LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

Tutor---George---Harry.

G. WHAT a delightful smell!

H. Charming! It is sweeter than Mr. Essence's shop.

T. Do you know whence it comes?

G. O---it is from the bean field on the other side of the hedge, I suppose.

K 4

T. It is. This is the month in which beans are in blossom. See--the stalks are full of their black and white flowers.

H. I see peas in blossom too, on the other side of the field.

G. You told us some time ago of grass and corn flowers, but they make a poor figure compared to these.

T. They do. The glory of a corn-field is when it is ripe; but peas and beans look very shabbily at that time. But suppose we take a closer view of these blossoms. Go, you, George, and bring me a bean plant; and you, Harry, a pea. [They go and bring them.]

T. Now let us sit down and compare them. Do you think these flowers much alike?

H. O no--very little.

G. Yes---a good deal.

T. A little and a good deal! How can that be? Come, let us see. In the first place they do not much resemble each other in size or colour.

G. No--but I think they do in shape.

T. True. They are both irregular flowers, and have the same distribution of parts. They are of the kind called *papilionaceous*, from *papilio*, the Latin word for a butterfly, which insect they are thought to resemble.

G. The pea does a little but not much.

T. Some do much more than these. Well--you see first a broad leaf standing upright, but somewhat bent back: this is named the *standard*. On each side are two narrower, called the *wings*. The under side of the flower is formed of a hollow part, resembling a boat: this is called the *keel*.

G. It is very like a boat, indeed!



T. In some kinds, however, it is divided in the middle, and so is like a boat split in two. All these parts have claws which unite to form a tube, set in a calyx or flower cup. This tube, you observe, is longer in the bean than in the pea, and the proportions of the other parts are somewhat different; but the parts themselves are found in both.

H. So they are, I think them alike now.

T. That is the consequence of examining closely. Now let us strip off all the leaves of this bean flower but the keel. What do you think this boat contains?

G. It must be those little things that you told us are in all flowers.

H. The chives and pistil.

T. Right. I will draw down the keel gently, and you shall see them.

H. How curious!

T. There are a number of chives joining in their bodies so as to make a round tube, or cylinder, through which comes out a crooked thread, which is the pistil. I will now with a pin slit this cylinder. What do you see within it?

G. Somewhat like a little pod.

T. True -- and to shew you that it is a pod, I will open it, and you shall see the seeds within it.

H. What tiny things! Is this then what makes the bean-pod afterwards?

T. It is. When the blossom drops, this seed-vessel grows bigger and bigger, and at length hardens as the seeds grow ripe, becomes black and shriveled, and would burst and shed the seeds, if they were not gathered.

G. I have seen several burst pods of our

sweet peas under the wall, with nothing left in them.

T. And it is common for the field peas and beans to lose a great part of the seeds while they are getting in.

H. At the bottom of this pea-stalk there are some pods set already.

T. Open one. You see that the pod is composed of two shells, and that all the seeds are fastened to one side of the pod, but alternately to each shell.

G. Is it the same in beans?

T. Yes, and in all other pods of the papilionaceous flowers. Well—this is the general structure of a very numerous and useful class of plants called the *leguminous*, or *podded*. Of these, in this country, the greater part are herbaceous, with some shrubs. In the warm climates there are also tall trees. Many of the leguminous plants afford excellent nourishment for man and beast; and their pods have the name of *pulse*.

G. I have read of persons living on pulse, but I did not know what it meant before.

T. It is frequently mentioned as part of the diet of abstemious persons. Of this kind, we eat peas, beans, and kidney, or French beans, of all which there are a variety of sorts cultivated. Other nations eat lentiles and lupins, which are of this class; with several others.

H. I remember our lupins in the garden have flowers of this kind, with pods growing in clusters. But we only cultivate them for the colour and smell.

T. But other nations eat them. Then all the kinds of clover, or trefoil, which are so useful in feeding cattle, belong to this tribe; as do likewise vetches; sainfoin, and lucerne, which are

used for the same purpose. These principally compose what are usually, though improperly, called in agriculture *artificial grasses*.

G. Clover flowers are as sweet as beans; but do they bear pods?

T. Yes; very short ones, with one or two seeds in each. But there is a kind called nonfuch, with a very small flower, that has a curious twisted pod, like a snail-shell. Many of the leguminous plants are weak, and cannot support themselves; hence they are furnished with tendrils, by means of which they clasp neighbouring plants, and run up them. You know the garden peas do so to the sticks which are let in the rows with them. Some kinds of yetches run in this manner up the hedges, which they decorate with their long bunches of blue or purple flowers. Fares, which are some of the slenderest of the family, do much mischief among corn by twining round it and choaking it.

H. What are they good for, then?

T. They are weeds, or noxious plants, with respect to us; but doubtless they have their uses in the creation. Some of our papilionaceous plants, however, are able enough to shift for themselves; for gorse or furze is of the number.

G. What, that prickly bush all covered over with yellow flowers, that over-runs our common?

T. Then there is broom, a plant as big, but without thorns, and with larger flowers. This is as frequent as furze in some places.

H. I know it grows in abundance in the broom-field.

T. It does; but the naming of fields and places from it is a proof that it is not so common as the other.

G. We have some bushes of white broom in the shrubbery, and some trees of Spanish broom.

T. True. You have also a small tree which flowers early, and bears a great many pendent bunches of yellow blossoms, that look peculiarly beautiful when intermixed with the purple lilacs.

H. I know it --- Laburnum.

T. Right. That is one of our class of plants too. Then there is a large tree, with delicate little leaves, protected by long thorns, and bearing bunches of white papilionaceous flowers.

G. I know which you mean, but I cannot tell the name.

T. It is the Bastard Acacia, or Locust tree, a native of America. Thus, you see, we have traced this class of plants through all sizes, from the trifol that covers the turf, to a large tree. I should not however, forget two others, the Liquorice and the Tamarind. The Liquorice, with the sweet root of which you are well acquainted, grows in the warmer countries, especially Spain, but is cultivated in England. The Tamarind is a large spreading tree growing in the West Indies, and valued for its shade, as well as for the cooling acid pulp of its pods, which are preserved with sugar and sent over to us.

H. I know them very well.

T. Well--do you think now you shall both be able to discover a papilionaceous flower when you meet with it again.

G. I believe I shall, if they are all like these we have been examining.

T. They have all the same parts, though variously proportioned. What are these?

G. There is the standard and two wings.

H. And the keel.

T. Right-- the keel sometimes cleft into two,

and then it is an irregular five-leaved flower. The chives are generally ten, of which one stands apart from the rest. The pistil single, and ending in a pod. Another circumstance common to most of this tribe, is that their leaves are *winged* or *pinnated*, that is, having leaflets set opposite to each other upon a middle rib. You see this structure in these bean leaves. But in the clovers there are only two opposite leaflets, and one terminating; whence their name of trefoil, or three leaf. What we call a club on cards is properly a clover leaf, and the French call *trèfle*, which means the same.

G. I think this tribe of plants almost as useful as the grasses.

T. They perhaps come the next in utility; but their seeds, such as beans and peas, are not quite such good nourishment as corn, and bread cannot be made of them.

G. But clover is better than grass for cattle.

T. It is more fattening, and makes cows yield plenty of fine milk. Well--- let us march.

WALKING THE STREETS.

A PARABLE.

HAVE you ever walked through the streets of a great city?

What shoals of people pouring in from opposite quarters, like torrents meeting in a narrow valley! You would imagine it impossible for them to get through; yet all pass on their way without stop or molestation.

Were each man to proceed exactly in the line in which he set out, he could not move many paces without encountering another full in his track. They would strike against each other, fall back, push forward again, block up

the way for themselves and those after them, and throw the whole street into confusion.

All this is avoided by every man's *yielding a little*.

Instead of advancing square, stiff, with arms stuck out, every one who knows how to walk the streets, glides along, his arms close, his body oblique and flexible, his track gently winding, leaving now a few inches on this side, now on that, so as to pass and be passed, without touching, in the smallest possible space.

He pushes no one into the kennel nor goes into it himself. By *mutual accommodation* the path, though narrow, holds them all.

He goes neither much faster nor much slower than those who go in the same direction. In the first case he would elbow, in the second he would be elbowed.

If any accidental stop arises, from a carriage crossing, a cask rolled, a pick-pocket detected, or the like, he does not increase the bustle by rushing into the midst of it, but checks his pace, and patiently waits for its removal.

Like this is the *march of life*.

In our progress through the world, a thousand things stand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face with opposite opinions and inclinations. Some stand before us in our pursuit of pleasure or interest, and others follow close upon our heels. Now, we ought in the first place to consider, that *the road is as free for one as for another*; and therefore we have no right to expect that persons should go out of their way to let us pass, any more than we out of ours. Then, if we do not mutually yield and accommodate a little, it is clear that we must all stand still, or be thrown into a perpetual confusion of squeezing and justifying.

If we are all in a hurry to get on as fast as possible to some point of pleasure or interest in our view, and do not occasionally hold back, when the crowd gathers and angry contentions arise, we shall only augment the tumult, without advancing our own progress. On the whole, it is our business to move onwards, steadily but quietly, obstructing others as little as possible, yielding a little to this man's prejudices, and that man's desires, and doing every thing in our power to make the *journey of life* easy to all our fellow-travellers, as well as to ourselves.

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

ON PRESENCE OF MIND.

Mrs. F. one day having occasion to be blooded sent for a surgeon. As soon as he entered the room, her young daughter, Eliza, started up, and was hastily going away, when her mother called her back.

Mrs. F. Eliza, do not go, I want you to stay by me.

Eliza. Dear Mamma! I can never bear to see you blooded.

Mrs. F. Why not? what harm will it do you?

E. O dear I cannot look at blood. Besides, I cannot bear to see you hurt mamma.

Mrs. F. O, if I can bear to feel it, surely you may to see it. But come---you *must* stay and we will talk about it afterwards.

Eliza then, pale and trembling, stood by her mother, and saw the whole operation. She could not help, however, turning her head away when the incision was made, and the first flow of blood made her start and shudder.

When all was over, and the surgeon gone, Mrs. F. began :

Well, Eliza ! what do you think of this mighty matter now ? Would it not have been very foolish to have run away from it ?

E. O mamma ! how frightened I was when he took out his lancet ! Did it not hurt you a great deal ?

Mrs. F. No, very little. And if it had, it was to do me good, you know.

E. But why should I stay to see it ? I could do you no good.

Mrs. F. Perhaps not ; but it will do you good to be accustomed to such sights.

E. Why, mamma ?

Mrs. F. Because instances are every day happening in which it is our duty to assist fellow-creatures in circumstances of pain and distress ; and if we were to indulge a reluctance to come near them on those occasions, we should never acquire either the knowledge or the presence of mind necessary for the purpose.

E. But if I had been told how to help people in such cases, could not I do it without being used to see them ?

Mr. F. No. We have all naturally a horror at every thing which is the cause of pain and danger to ourselves or others ; and nothing but habit can give most of us the presence of mind necessary to enable us in such occurrences to employ our knowledge to the best advantage.

E. What is *presence of mind*, mamma ?

Mrs. F. It is that steady possession of ourselves in cases of alarm, that prevents us from being flurried and frightened. You have heard the expression of *having all our wits about us*. That is the effect of *presence of mind*, and a most inestimable quality it is, for without it, we

are full as likely to run into danger as to avoid it. Do you not remember hearing of your cousin Mary's cap taking fire in the candle?

E. O yes---very well.

Mrs. F. Well---the maid, as soon as she saw it, set up a great scream, and ran out of the room; and Mary might have been burnt to death for any assistance she could give her.

E. How foolish that was!

Mrs. F. Yes---the girl had not the least presence of mind, and the consequence was, depriving her of all recollection, and making her entirely useless. But as soon as your aunt came up, she took the right method for preventing the mischief. The cap was too much on fire to be pulled off; so she whipt a quilt from the bed and flung it round Mary's head, and thus stifled the flame.

E. Mary was a good deal scorched, though.

Mrs. F. Yes---but it was very well that it was no worse. If the maid, however, had acted with any sense at first, no harm at all would have been done, except burning the cap. I remember a much more fatal example of the want of presence of mind. The mistress of a family was awakened by flames bursting through the wainscot into her chamber. She flew to the stair-case; and in her confusion, instead of going up stairs to call her children, who slept together in the nursery over head, and who might all have escaped by the top of the house, she ran down, and with much danger made way through the fire into the street. When she had got thither, the thought of the poor children rushed into her mind, but it was too late. The stairs had caught fire, so that nobody could get near them, and they were burned in their beds.

E. What a sad thing!

Mrs. F. Sad indeed! Now I will tell you of a different conduct. A lady was awakened by a crackling of fire, and saw it shining under her chamber floor. Her husband would immediately have opened the door, but she prevented him, since the smoke and flame would then have burst in upon them. The children with a maid slept in a room opening out of theirs. She went and awakened them; and tying together the sheets and blankets, she sent the maid down from the window first, and then let down the children one by one to her. Last of all she descended herself. A few minutes after, the floor fell in, and all the house was in flames.

E. What a happy escape!

Mrs. F. Yes—and with what cool recollection of mind it was managed! For mothers to love their children, and be willing to run any hazards for them, is common; but in weak minds that very love is apt to prevent exertions in the time of danger. I knew a lady who had a fine little boy sitting in her lap. He put a whole plumb into his mouth, which slipped into his throat, and choaked him. The poor fellow turned black, and struggled violently; and the mother was so frightened, that instead of putting her finger into his throat and pulling out the plumb, which might easily have been done, she laid him on the floor and ran to call for assistance. But the maids who came up were as much flurried as she; and the child died before any thing effectual was done to relieve him.

E. How unhappy she must have been about it!

Mrs. F. Yes. It threw her into an illness which had like to have cost her her life.

Another lady, seeing her little boy climb up a

ladder, set up a violent scream that frightened the child, so that he fell down and was much hurt; whereas if she had possessed command enough over herself to speak to him gentle, he might have got down safely.

E. Dear mamma! what is that running down your arm?—O, it is blood!

Mrs. F. Yes---my arm bleeds again; I have stirred it too soon.

E. Dear! what shall I do?

Mrs. F. Don't frighten yourself. I shall stop the blood by pressing on the orifice with my finger. In the mean time do you ring the bell.

[*Eliza rings---a servant comes.*]

Mrs. F. Betty my arm bleeds. Can you tie it up again?

Betty. I believe I can, Madam.

[*She takes off the bandage and puts on another.*]

E. I hope it is stop'd now.

Mrs. F. It is. Betty has done it very well! You see she went about it with composure. This accident puts me in mind of another story which is well worth hearing. A man once reaping in the field cut his arm dreadfully with his sickle, and divided an artery.

E. What is that, mamma?

Mrs. F. It is one of the canals or pipes through which the blood from the heart runs like water in a pipe brought from a reservoir. When one of these is cut, it bleeds very violently, and the only way to stop it is to make a pressure between the wounded place and the heart in order to intercept the course of the blood towards it. Well---this poor man bled profusely; and the people about him, both men and women, were so stupified with fright, that some ran one way, some another, and some stood stock still.

In short, he would soon have bled to death, had not a brisk stout-hearted wench who came up, slipped off her garter, and bound it tight above the wound, by which means the bleeding was stopt till proper help could be procured.

E. What a clever wench! But how did she know what to do?

Mrs. F. She had perhaps heard it, as you have done now; and so probably had some of the others, but they had not presence of mind enough to put it in practice. It is a much greater trial of courage, however, when the danger presses upon ourselves as well as others. Suppose a furious bull was to come upon you in the midst of a field. You could not possibly escape him by running, and attempting it would destroy your only chance of safety.

E. What would that be?

Mrs. F. I have a story for that too. The mother of that Mr. Day who wrote *Sandford and Merton* was distinguished, as he always was, for courage and presence of mind. When a young woman, she was one day walking in the fields with a companion, when they perceived a bull coming to them, roaring and tossing about his horns in the most tremendous manner.

E. O, how I should have screamed!

Mrs. F. I dare say you would; and so did her companion. But she bid her walk away behind her as gently as she could, whilst she herself stopt short, and faced the bull, eyeing him with a determined countenance. The bull, when he had come near, stopt also, pawing the ground and roaring. Few animals will attack a man who steadily waits for them. In a while, she drew back some steps, still facing the bull. The bull followed. She stopt, and then he stopt. In this manner, she made good her re-

great to the stile over which her companion had before got. She then turned and sprung over it, and got clear out of danger.

E. That was bravely done, indeed! But I think very few women could have done as much.

Mrs. F. Such a degree of cool resolution, to be sure, is not common. But I have read of a lady in the East-Indies who showed at least as much. She was sitting out of doors with a party of pleasure, when they were aware of a huge tyger that had crept through a hedge near them, and was just ready to make his fatal spring. They were struck with the utmost consternation; but she, with an umbrella in her hand, turned to the tyger, and suddenly spread it full in his face. This unusual assault so terrified the beast, that taking a prodigious leap, he sprung over the fence, and plunged out of sight into the neighbouring thicket.

E. Well---that was the boldest thing I ever heard of. But is it possible, mamma, to make oneself courageous?

Mrs. F. Courage, my dear, is of two kinds; one of the gift of nature, the other of reason and habit. Men have naturally more courage than women; that is, they are less affected by danger; it makes a less impression upon them, and does not flutter their spirits so much. This is owing to the difference of their bodily constitution, and from the same cause, some men and some women are more courageous than others. But the other kind of courage may in some measure be acquired by every one. Reason teaches us to face smaller dangers in order to avoid greater, and even to undergo the greatest when our duty requires it. Habit makes us less affected by particular dangers which have often come in our way. A sailor does not feel

the dangers of a storm so much as a landman ; but if he was mounted upon a spirited horse in a fox-chace, he would probably be the most timorous man in company. The courage of women is chiefly tried in domestic dangers. They are attendants on the sick and dying ; and they must qualify themselves to go through many scenes of terror in these situations, which would alarm the stoutest hearted man who was not accustomed to them.

E. I have heard that women generally bear pain and illness better than men.

Mrs. F. They do so, because they are more used to them, both in themselves and others.

E. I think I should not be afraid again to see any body blooded.

Mrs. F. I hope not. It was for that purpose I made you stand by me. And I would have you always force yourself to look on and give assistance in cases of this kind, however painful it may at first be to you, that you may as soon as possible gain that presence of mind which arises from habit.

E. But would that make me like to be blooded myself?

Mrs. F. Not to like it, but to lose all foolish fears about it, and submit calmly to it when good for you. But I hope you have sense enough to do that already.

PHAETON JUNIOR,

OR, THE GIG DEMOLISHED.

Ye heroes of the upper form
Who long for whip and reins,
Come listen to a dismal tale,
Set forth in dismal strains.

Young Jaxu was a lad of fame,
As all the school could tell ;

At cricket law, and prison bars,
He bore away the bell.

Now welcome Whitsuntide was come,
And boys, with merry hearts,
Were gone to visit dear mamma,
And eat her pyes and tarts.

As soon as Jehu saw his fire,
A boon, a boon! he cried;
O, if I am your darling boy,
Let me not be denied.

My darling boy indeed thou art,
The father wise replied;
So name the boon; I promise thee,
It shall not be denied.

Then give me, Sir, your long-lash'd whip,
And give your gig and pair,
To drive alone to yonder town,
And floutish thro' the fair.

The father shook his head, My son,
You know not what you ask,
To drive a gig in crowded streets,
Is no such easy task.

The horses, full of rest and corn,
Scarce I myself can guide;
And much I fear, if you attempt,
Some mischief will betide.

Then think, dear boy, of something else,
That's better worth your wishing;
A bow and quiver, bats and balls,
A rod and lines for fishing.

But nothing could young Jehu please,
Except a touch at driving,
'Twas all in vain, his father found,
To spend his breath in striving.

At least attend, rash boy! he cried,
And follow good advice,
Or in a ditch both gig and you
Will tumble in a trice.

Spare, spare the whip, hold hard the reins,
The steeds go fast enough,
Keep in the middle beaten track,
Nor cross the ruts so rough.

And when within the town you come,
Be sure with special care
Drive clear of sign-posts, booths, and stalls,
And monsters of the fair.

The youth scarce heard his father out,
 But roar'd : Bring out the whisky ;
 With joy he view'd the rolling wheels.
 And prancing ponies frisky.

He seiz'd the reins, and up he sprung,
 And wav'd the whistling lash ;
 Take care, take care ! his father cried ;
 But off he went flap-dash.

Who's this light spark ? the horses thought
 We'll try your strength young master !
 So o'er the rugged turnpike road,
 Still sa'er ran and faster.

Young Jchu tott'ring in his seat
 Now wished to pull them in,
 But pulling from so young a hand,
 They valued not a pin.

A drove of grunting pigs before,
 Fill'd up the narrow way ;
 Dash thro' the midst the horses drove,
 And made a rueful day.

For some were trampled under foot,
 Some crush'd beneath the wheel,
 Lord ! how the drivers curs'd and swore,
 And how the pigs did squeal.

A farmer's wife on old blind Ball,
 Went slowly on the road,
 With butter, eggs, and cheese and cream,
 'In two large panniers stow'd.

Ere Ball could stride the rut, amain
 The gig came thund'ring on,
 Crash went the pannier, and the dame,
 And Ball lay overthrown.

Now thro' the town the mettled pair,
 Ran rattling o'er the stones ;
 They drove the crowd from side to side,
 And shook poor Jchu's bones.

When lo ! directly in their course,
 A monstrous form appear'd,
 A shaggy bear that stalk'd and roar'd,
 On hinder legs uprear'd.

Sideways they started at the sight,
 And whisk'd the gig half round,
 Then cross the crowded market-place,
 They flew with furious bound.

First o'er a heap of crock'ry ware,
 The rapid car they whirl'd,

And jugs, and mugs, and pots and pans
In fragments wide were hurl'd.
A booth stood near with tempting cakes,
And groc'ry richly fraught,
All Birmingham on t'other side,
The dazzled optics caught.
With active spring the nimble steeds,
Rush'd thro' the pass between,
And scarcely touch'd; the car behind
Got thro' not quite so clean.
For while one wheel one stall engag'd,
Its fellow took the other:
Dire was the clash down fell the booths,
And made a dreadful pother.
Nuts, oranges, and gingerbread,
And figs here rolled around,
And scissars, knives and thimbles there,
Bestrew'd the glitt'ring ground.
The fall of boards, the shouts and cries,
Urg'd on the horses faster,
And as they flew, at every step,
They caused some new disaster.
Here lay o'erturp'd in woful plight,
A pedlar and his pack;
There, in a showman's broken box,
All London went to wrack.
But now the fates decreed to stop,
The ruin of the day,
And make the gig and driver too,
A heavy reck'ning pay.
A ditch there lay both broad and deep,
Where streams as black as Styx,
From every quarter of the town,
Their muddy currents mix.
Down to its brink in heedless haste
The frantic horses flew,
And in the midst, with sudden jerk,
Their burthen overthrew.
The prostrate gig with desperate force,
They soon pull'd out again,
And at their heels, in ruin dire,
Drag'd lumb'ring o'er the plain.
Here lay a wheel, the axle there,
The body there remain'd,
Till sever'd limb from limb, the car
Nor name nor shape retain'd.

But Jehu must not be forgot,
Left floundering in the flood,
With cloaths all drench'd, and mouth and eyes
Besplatter'd o'er with mud.

In piteous case he waded thro'
And gain'd the slippery side,
Where grinning crowds were gather'd round,
To mock his fallen pride.

They led him to a neighb'ring pump,
To clear his dismal face,
Whence cold and heartless home he slunk,
Involved in sore disgrace.

And many a bill for damage done,
His father had to pay,
Take warning youthful drivers all
From Jehu's first essay.

WHY AN APPLE FALLS.

PAPA, (said Lucy) I have been reading to-day that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make some of his great discoveries by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there extraordinary in that?

P. There was nothing extraordinary; but it happened to catch his attention and set him a thinking.

L. And what did he think about?

P. He thought by what means the apple was brought to the ground.

L. Why, I could have told that---because the stalk gave way and there was nothing to support it.

P. And what then?

L. Why then---it must fall you know.

P. But why must it fall?---that is the point.

L. Because it could not help it.

P. But why could it not help it?

L. I don't know---that is an odd question. Because there was nothing to keep it up.

P. Suppose there was not---does it follow that it must come to the ground?

L. Yes, surely!

P. Is an apple animate or inanimate?

L. Inanimate to be sure!

P. And can inanimate things move of themselves?

L. No--I think not---but the apple falls because it is forced to fall.

P. Right! Some force out of itself acts upon it, other wise it would remain for ever where it was, notwithstanding it were loosened from the tree.

L. Would it?

P. Undoubtedly!--for there are only two ways in which it could be moved; by its own power of motion, or the power of somewhat else moving it. Now the first you acknowledge it has not; the cause of its motion must therefore be the second. And what that is, was the subject of the philosopher's enquiry.

L. But every thing falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up.

P. True--there must therefore be an universal cause of this tendency to fall.

L. And what is it?

P. Why, if things out of the earth cannot move themselves to it, there can be no other cause of their coming together, than that the earth pulls them.

L. But the earth is no more animate than they are; so how can it pull?

P. Well objected! This will bring us to the point: Sir Isaac Newton after deep meditation discovered that there was a law in nature called *attraction*, by virtue of which every particle of matter, that is, every thing of which the world is composed, draws towards it every other particle of matter, with a force proportioned to its

size and distance. Lay two marbles on the table. They have a tendency to come together, and if there were nothing else in the world, they would come together; but they are also attracted by the table, by the ground, and by every thing besides in the room; and these different attractions pull against each other. Now, the globe of the earth is a prodigious mass of matter, to which nothing near it can bear any comparison. It draws, therefore, with mighty force every thing within its reach, which is the cause of their falling; and this is called the *gravitation* of bodies, or what gives them *weight*. When I lift up any thing, I act contrary to this force, for which reason it seems *heavy* to me; and the heavier, the more matter it contains, since that increases the attraction of the earth for it. Do you understand this?

L. I think I do. It is like a loadstone drawing a needle.

P. Yes---that is an attraction, but of a particular kind, only taking a place between the magnet and iron. But gravitation, or the attraction of the earth, acts upon every thing alike.

L. Then it is pulling you and me at this moment?

P. It is.

L. But why do not we stick to the ground, then?

P. Because as we are alive, we have a power of self-motion, which can to a certain degree overcome the attraction of the earth. But the reason you cannot jump a mile high as well as a foot, is this attraction, which brings you down again after the force of your jump is spent.

L. I think then I begin to understand what I have heard of people living on the other side

of the world, I believe they are called *Antipodes*, who have their feet turned towards ours, and their heads in the air. I used to wonder how it could be that they did not fall off; but I suppose the earth pulls them to it.

P. Very true. And whither should they fall. What have they over their heads?

L. I don't know---sky, I suppose.

P. They have. This earth is a vast ball, hung in the air, and continually spinning round, and that is the cause why the sun and stars seem to rise and set. At noon we have the sun over our heads, when the *Antipodes* have the stars over theirs; and at midnight the stars are over our heads, and the sun over theirs. So whither should they fall to more than we?---to the stars or the sun?

L. But we are up, and they are down.

P. What is up, but *from* the earth and *towards* the sky? Their feet touch the earth and their heads point to the sky as well as ours; and we are under their feet as much as they are under ours. If a hole were dug quite through the earth, what would you see through it?

L. Sky, with the sun or the stars: and now I see the whole matter plainly. But pray what supports the earth in the air?

P. Why, where should it go to?

L. I don't know---I suppose where there was most to draw it. I have heard that the sun is a great many times bigger than the earth. Would it not go to that?

P. You have thought very justly on the matter I perceive. But I shall take another opportunity of shewing you how this is, and why the earth does not fall into the sun, of which, I confess, there seems to be some danger. Mean while think how far the falling of an apple has carried us!

L. To the Antipodes, and I know not where.

P. You may see from thence what use may be made of the commonest fact by a thinking mind.

NATURE AND EDUCATION,

A FABLE.

Nature and *Education* were one day walking together through a nursery of trees. See, says *Nature*, how straight and fine those firs grow—that is my doing! But as to those oaks, they are all crooked and stunted: that, my good sister, is your fault. You have planted them too close, and not pruned them properly. Nay, sister, said *Education*, I am sure I have taken all possible pains about them; but you gave me bad acorns, so how should they ever make fine trees?

The dispute grew warm; and at length, instead of blaming one another for negligence, they began to boast of their own powers, and to challenge each other to a contest for the superiority. It was agreed that each should adopt a favourite, and rear it up in spite of all the ill offices of her opponent. *Nature* fixed upon a vigorous young Weymouth pine, the parent of which had grown to be the main-mast of a man of war. Do what you will to this plant, said she to her sister, I am resolved to push it up as straight as an arrow. *Education* took under her care a crab-tree. This, said she, I will rear to be at least as valuable as your pine.

Both went to work. While *Nature* was feeding her pine with plenty of wholesome juices, *Education* passed a strong rope round its top, and pulling it downwards with all her force, fastened it to the trunk of a neighbouring oak.

The pine laboured to ascend, but not being able to surmount the obstacle, it pushed out to one side, and presently became bent like a bow. Still, such was its vigour, that its top, after descending as low as its branches, made a new shoot upwards; but its beauty and usefulness were quite destroyed.

The crab-tree cost *Education* a world of pains. She pruned and pruned, and endeavoured to bring it into shape, but in vain. *Nature* thrust out a bough this way, and a knot that way, and would not push a single leading shoot upwards. The trunk was, indeed, kept tolerably straight by constant efforts; but the head grew awry and ill-fashioned, and made a scrubby figure. At length, *Education*, despairing of making a sightly plant of it, ingrafted the stock with an apple, and brought it to bear tolerable fruit.

At the end of the experiment, the sisters met to compare their respective success. Ah, sister! (said *Nature*) I see it is in your power to spoil the best of my works. Ah, sister! (said *Education*) it is a hard matter to contend against you---however something may be done by taking pains enough.

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

AVERSION SUBDUED, A DRAMA.

Scene---A Road in the Country.

Arbury---*Belford*, walking.

Belford. PRAY who is the present possessor of the Brookby estate?

Arbury. A man of the name of Goodwin.

B. Is he a good neighbour to you?

A. Far from it; and I wish he had settled a hundred miles off rather than come here to spoil our neighbourhood.

B. I am sorry to hear that; but what is your objection to him?

A. O, there is nothing in which we agree. In the first place he is quite of the other side in politics; and that, you know, is enough to prevent all intimacy.

B. I am not entirely of that opinion; but what else?

A. He is no sportsman, and refuses to join in our association for protecting the game. Neither does he choose to be a member of any of our clubs.

B. Has he been asked?

A. I don't know that he has directly, but he might easily propose himself if he liked it. But he is of a close unsociable temper, and I believe very niggardly.

B. How has he shewn it?

A. His style of living is not equal to his fortune; and I have heard of several instances of his attention to petty economy.

B. Perhaps he spends his money in charity.

A. Not he, I dare say. It was but last week that a poor fellow who had lost his all by a fire went to him with a subscription paper, in which were the names of all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood; and all the answer he got was, that he would consider of it.

B. And did he consider?

A. I don't know, but I suppose it was only an excuse. Then his predecessor had a park well stocked with deer, and used to make liberal presents of venison to all his neighbours. But this frugal gentleman has sold them all off, and got a flock of sheep instead.

B. I don't see much harm in that, now mutton is so dear.

A. To be sure he has a right to do as he

pleases with his park, but that is not the way to be beloved, you know. As to myself, I have reason to think he bears me particular ill-will.

B. Then he is much in the wrong, for I believe you are as free from ill-will to others as any man living. But how has he shewn it, pray?

A. In twenty instances. He had a horse upon sale the other day to which I took a liking, and bid money for it. As soon as he found I was about it, he sent it off to a fair on the other side of the county. My wife, you know, is passionately fond of cultivating flowers. Riding lately by his grounds she observed something new, and took a great longing for a root or cutting of it. My gardener mentioned her wish to his (contrary, I own, to my inclination), and he told his master; but instead of obliging her, he charged the gardener on no account to touch the plant. A little while ago I turned off a man for saucy behaviour; but as he had lived many years with me, and was a very useful servant, I meant to take him again upon his submission, which I did not doubt would soon happen. Instead of that, he goes and offers himself to my civil neighbour, who, without deigning to apply to me, even for a character, entertains him immediately. In short, he has not the least of a gentleman about him, and I would give any thing to be well rid of him.

B. Nothing, to be sure, can be more unpleasant in the country than a bad neighbour, and I am concerned it is your lot to have one. But there is a man who seems as if he wanted to speak with you.

[A countryman approaches.]

A. Ah! it is the poor fellow that was burnt out. Well, Richard, how go you on---what has the subscription produced you?

Richard. Thank your honour, my losses are nearly all made up.

A. I am very glad of that; but when I saw the paper last, it did not reach half way.

R. It did not, Sir; but you may remember asking me what Mr. Goodwin had done for me, and I told you he took time to consider of it. Well, Sir---I found that the very next day he had been at our town, and had made very particular enquiry about me and my losses among my neighbours. When I called upon him a few days after, he told me he was very glad to find that I bore such a good character, and that the gentlemen round had so kindly taken up my case; and he would prevent the necessity of my going any further for relief. Upon which he gave me, God bless him! a draught upon his banker for fifty pounds.

A. Fifty pounds!

R. Yes, Sir---it has made me quite my own man again; and I am now going to purchase a new cart and team of horses.

A. A noble gift indeed! I could never have thought it. Well, Richard, I rejoice at your good fortune. I am sure you are much obliged to Mr. Goodwin.

R. Indeed I am, Sir, and to all my good friends God bless you! Sir. [Goes on.

B. Niggardliness, at least, is not this man's foible.

A. No---I was mistaken in that point. I wronged him, and I am sorry for it. But what a pity it is that men of real generosity should not be amiable in their manners, and as ready to oblige in trifles as in matters of consequence.

B. True---'tis a pity when that is really the case.

A. How much less an exertion it would have been, to have shewn some civility about a horse or a flower root!

B. Apropos of flowers, there's your gardener carrying a large one in a pot.

Enter Gardener.

A. Now, James what have you got there?

Gard. A flower, Sir, for Madam, from Mr. Goodwin's.

A. How did you come by it?

G. His gardener, Sir, lent me word to come for it. We should have had it before, but Mr. Goodwin thought it would not move safely.

A. I hope he has got more of them.

G. He has only a seedling plant or two, Sir; but hearing that Madam took a liking to it, he was resolved to send it her, and a choice thing it is! I have a note for Madam in my pocket.

A. Well, go on.

[Exit Gardener.]

B. Methinks this does not look like deficiency in civility.

A. No---it is a very polite action---I can't deny it, and I am obliged to him for it. Perhaps, indeed, he may feel he owes me a little amends.

B. Possibly---It shews he *can* feel, however.

A. It does. Ha! there's Yorkshire Tom coming with a string of horses from the fair. I'll step up and speak to him. Now, Tom! how have horses gone at Market-hill?

Tom. Dear enough, your honour!

A. How much more did you get for Mr. Goodwin's mare than I offered him?

T. Ah, Sir! that was not a thing for your riding, and that Mr. Goodwin well knew. You never saw such a vicious toad. She had like to have killed the groom two or three times. So

I was ordered to offer her to the mail-coach people, and get what I could from them. I might have sold her better if Mr. Goodwin would have let me, for she was a fine creature to look at as need be, and quite sound.

A. And was that the true reason, Tom, why the mare was not sold to me?

T. It was, indeed, Sir.

A. Then I am highly obliged to Mr. Goodwin. (*Tom rides on.*) This was handsome behaviour indeed!

B. Yes, I think it was somewhat more than politeness---it was real goodness of heart.

A. It was. I find I must alter my opinion of him, and I do it with pleasure. But after all, his conduct with respect to my servant is somewhat unaccountable.

B. I see reason to think so well of him in the main, that I am inclined to hope he will be acquitted in this matter too.

A. There the fellow is, I wonder he has my old livery on yet. [*Ned pulls off his hat.*]

Ned. Sir, I was coming to your honour.

A. What can you have to say to me now, Ned?

N. To ask pardon, Sir, for my misbehaviour, and beg you to take me again.

A. What---have you so soon parted with your new master?

N. Mr. Goodwin never was my master, Sir. He only kept me in his house till I could make it up with you again; for he said he was sure you were too honourable a gentleman to turn off an old servant without good reason, and he hoped you would admit my excuses after your anger was over.

A. Did he say all that?

N. Yes, Sir ; and he advised me not to delay any longer to ask your pardon.

A. Well---go to my house, and I will talk with you on my return.

B. Now, friend, what think you of this ?

A. I think more than I can well express. It will be lesson to me never to make hasty judgments again.

B. Why, indeed, to have concluded that such a man had nothing of the gentleman about him, must have been rather hasty.

A. I acknowledge it. But it is the misfortune of these reserved characters that they are so long in making themselves known ; though when they are known they often prove the most truly estimable. I am afraid even now, that I must be content with esteeming him at a distance.

B. Why so ?

A. You know I am of an open sociable disposition.

B. Perhaps he is so too.

A. If he was, surely we should have been better acquainted before this time.

B. It may have been prejudice, rather than temper, that has kept you asunder.

A. Possibly so. That vile spirit of party has such a sway in the country that men of the most liberal dispositions can hardly free themselves from its influence. It poisons all the kindness of society ; and yonder comes an instance of its pernicious effects.

B. Who is he ?

A. A poor schoolmaster with a large family in the next market-town, who has lost all his scholars by his activity on our side in the last election. I heartily wish it was in my power

to do something for him ; for he is a very honest man, though perhaps rather too warm.

[The schoolmaster comes up.]
Now Mr. Penman, how go things with you ?

P. I thank you, Sir, they have gone poorly enough but I hope they are in a way to mend.

A. I am glad to hear it----but how ?

P. Why, Sir, the free-school of Stoke is vacant, and I believe I am likely to get it.

A. Ay?----I wonder at that, I thought it was in the hands of the other party.

P. It is, Sir ; but Mr. Goodwin has been so kind as to give me a recommendation, and his interest is sufficient to carry it.

A. Mr. Goodwin ! you surprise me.

P. I was much surprised too, Sir. He sent for me of his own accord, (for I should never have thought of asking *him* a favour) and told me he was sorry a man should be injured in his profession on account of party, and as I could not live comfortably where I was, he would try to settle me in a better place. So he mentioned the vacancy of Stoke, and offered me letters to the trustees. I was never so affected in my life, Sir,--- I could hardly speak to return him thanks. He kept me to dinner, and treated me with the greatest respect. Indeed, I believe, there is not a kinder man breathing than Mr. Goodwin.

A. You have the best reason in the world to say so, Mr. Penman. What---did he converse familiarly with you ?

P. Quite so, Sir. We talked a great deal about party-affairs in this neighbourhood, and he lamented much that differences of this kind should keep worthy men at a distance from each other. I took the liberty, Sir, of mentioning your name. He had not the honour of be-

ing acquainted with you, but he had a sincere esteem for your character, and should be glad of any occasion to cultivate a friendship with you. For my part, I confess to my shame, I did not think there could have been such a man on that side.

A. Well -- good morning!

P. Your most obedient, Sir. [He goes.

A. (After some silence) Come, my friend, let us go.

B. Whither?

A. Can you doubt it? --- to Mr. Goodwin's to be sure! After all I have heard, can I exist a moment without acknowledging the injustice I have done him, and begging his friendship.

B. I shall be happy, I am sure, to accompany you on that errand. But who is to introduce us?

A. O, What is form and ceremony in a case like this! Come---come.

B. Most willingly.

[Exeunt.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

MR. L. was one morning riding by himself, when, dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by his name, which stopt, but on his approach set off again. At length a little boy in a neighbouring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy cheerful countenance. Thank you, my good lad! (said he) you have caught my horse very cleverly, What shall I give you for your trouble? (putting his hand into his pocket.)

I want nothing, Sir, said the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But pray what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that were feeding on the turneps.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My daddy, Sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

B. Just by, among the trees there.

Mr. L. What is his name?

B. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

B. Peter, Sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

B. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are not you hungry?

B. Yes---I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings! what are those?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, Sir; but our Tom makes foot-balls to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a jumping pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broke.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

B. No. I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town of errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money?

B. O---I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a pye now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would not you like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one---here it is---brother Tom gave it me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes---don't you want a better pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. O, I don't care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have better at home, but I had as lieve have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnep.

Mr. L. But if there are none?

B. Then I do as well I can; I work on and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes, this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher!

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I say, you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No, Sir---no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, no! (*laughing*) Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school?

B. No Sir, but daddy says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, the boys have all a spelling-book and testament.

Mr. L. Well then, I will give you them---tell your daddy so, and that it is because I thought you a very good contented little boy.

B. I will, Sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good bye, Peter.

B. Good bye, Sir.

FLYING AND SWIMMING.

How I wish I could fly! (cried Robert, as he was gazing after his pigeons that were exercising in a morning's flight.) How fine it must be to soar to such a height, and to dash through the air with so swift a motion!

I doubt not (said his father) that the pigeons have great pleasure in it; but we have our pleasures too; and it is idle to indulge longings for things quite out of our power.

R. But do you think it impossible for men to learn to fly?

F. I do---for I see they are not furnished by nature with organs requisite for the purpose.

R. Might not artificial wings be contrived such as Dædalus is said to have used?

F. Possibly they might; but the difficulty would be to put them in motion.

R. Why could not a man move them, if they

were fastened to his shoulders, as well as a bird?

F. Because he has got arms to move, which the bird has not. The same organs which in quadrupeds are employed to move the fore legs, and in man, the arms, are spent in birds on the motion of the wings. Nay, the muscles, or bundles of flesh, that move the wings, are proportionally much larger and stronger than those bestowed upon our arms: so that it is impossible, formed as we are, that we should use wings, were they made and fastened on with ever so much art.

R. But Angels, and Cupids, and such things, are painted with wings; and I think they look very natural.

F. To you they may appear so; but an anatomist sees them at once to be monsters, which could not really exist.

R. God might have created winged men, however, if he had pleased.

F. No doubt; but they could not have had the same shape that men have now. They would have been different creatures such as it was not in his plan to make. But you that long to fly---consider if you have made use of all the faculties already given you! You want to subdue the element of air---what can you do with that of water? Can you swim?

R. No, not yet.

F. Your companion Johnson, I think, can swim very well.

R. Yes.

F. Reflect, then, on the difference betwixt him and you. A boat oversets with you both in a deep stream. You plump at once to the bottom, and infallibly lose your life. He rises like a cork, darts away with the greatest ease,

and reaches the side in perfect safety. Both of you pursued by a bull, come to the side of a river. He jumps in and crosses it. You are drowned if you attempt it, and tossed by the bull if you do not. What an advantage he has over you! Yet you are furnished with exactly the same bodily powers that he is. How is this?

R. Because he has been taught, and I have not.

F. True-- but it is an easy thing to learn, and requires no other instruction than boys can give one another when they bathe together; so that I wonder any body should neglect to acquire an art at once agreeable and useful. The Romans used to say, by way of proverb, of a blockhead, "He can neither read nor swim." You may remember how Cæsar was saved at Alexandria by throwing himself into the sea, and swimming with one hand, while he held up his Commentaries with the other.

R. I should like very well to swim, and I have often tried, but I always pop under water, and that daunts me.

F. And it is that fear which prevents you from succeeding.

R. But is it as natural for man to swim, as for other creatures? I have heard that the young of all other animals swim the first time they are thrown into the water.

F. They do---they are without fear. In our climate the water is generally cold, and is early made an object of terror. But in the hot countries, where bathing is one of the greatest of pleasures, young children swim so early and well, that I should suppose they take to it almost naturally.

R. I am resolved to learn, and I will ask Johnson to take me with him to the river.

F. Do ; but let him find you a safe place to begin at. I don't want you, however, to proceed so cautiously as Sir Nicholas Gimcrack did.

R. How was that ?

F. He spread himself out upon a large table, and placing before him a bason of water with a frog in it, he struck with his arms and legs as he observed the animal do.

R. And did that teach him ?

F. Yes--to swim on dry land ; but he never ventured himself in the water.

R. Shall I get corks or bladders ?

F. No ; learn to depend on your own powers. It is a good lesson in other things, as well as in swimming. Learning to swim with corks, is like learning to construe Latin with a translation on the other side. It saves some pains at first, but the business is not done half so effectually.

THE FEMALE CHOICE,

A TALE.

A YOUNG girl, having fatigued herself one hot day with running about the garden, sat herself down in a pleasant arbour, where she presently fell asleep. During her slumber, two female figures presented themselves before her. One was loosely habited in a thin robe of pink with light green trimmings. Her sash of silver gauze flowed to the ground. Her fair hair fell in ringlets down her neck ; and her head dress consisted of artificial flowers interwoven with feathers. She held in one hand a ball-ticket, and in the other a fancy dress all covered with spangles and knots of gay ribbon. She advanced smiling to the girl, and with a familiar air thus addressed her.

My dearest Melissa, I am a kind genius who have watched you from your birth, and have joyfully beheld all your beauties expand, till at length they have rendered you a companion worthy of me. See what I have brought you. This dress and this ticket will give you free access to all the ravishing delights of my palace. With me you will pass your days in a perpetual round of ever-varying amusements. Like the gay butterfly, you will have no other business than to flutter from flower to flower, and spread your charms before admiring spectators. No restraints, no toils, no dull tasks are to be found within my happy domains. All is pleasure, life and good humour. Come then, my dear! Let me put on you this dress, which will make you quite enchanting; and away, away, with me!

Melissa felt a strong inclination to comply with the call of this inviting nymph; but first she thought it would be prudent at least to ask her name.

My name, said she, is DISSIPATION.

The other female then advanced. She was clothed in a close habit of brown stuff, simply relieved with white. She wore her smooth hair under a plain cap. Her whole person was dressed perfectly neat, and clean. Her look was serious, but satisfied; and her air was staid and composed. She held in one hand a distaff; on the opposite arm hung a work-basket; and the girdle round her waste was garnished with scissors, knitting needles, reels, and other implements of female labour. A bunch of keys hung at her side. She thus accosted the sleeping girl.

Melissa, I am the genius who have ever been the friend and companion of your mother; and

I now offer my protection to you. I have no allurements to tempt you with like those offered by my gay rival. Instead of spending all your time in amusements, if you enter yourself of my train, you must rise early, and pass the long day in a variety of employments, some of them difficult, some laborious, and all requiring some exertion of body or mind. You must dress plainly, live mostly at home, and aim at being useful rather than shining. But in return, I will ensure you content, even spirits, self-approbation, and the esteem of all who thoroughly know you. If these offers appear to your young mind less inviting than those of my rival, be assured however, that they are more real. She has promised much more than she can ever make good. Perpetual pleasures are no more in the power of Dissipation, than of Vice or Folly to bestow. Her delights quickly pall, and are inevitably succeeded by languor and disgust. She appears to you under a disguise, and what you see is not her real face. For myself, I shall never seem to you less amiable than I now do, but on the contrary, you will like me better and better. If I look grave to you now, you will hear me sing at my work; and when work is over, I can dance too. But I have said enough. It is time for you to choose whom you will follow, and upon that choice all your happiness depends. If you would know my name, it is HOUSEWIFERY.

Melissa heard her with more attention than delight; and though overawed by her manner, she could not help turning again to take another look at the first speaker. She beheld her still offering her presents with so bewitching an air, that she felt it scarcely possible to resist; when by a lucky accident, the mask with which

Diffipation's face was so artfully covered, fell off. As soon as Melissa beheld, instead of the smiling features of youth and chearfulness, a countenance wan and ghastly with sickness, and soured by fretfulness, she turned away with horror, and gave her hand unreluctantly to her sober and sincere companion.



THE END.

